

AMERICA

A·CATHOLIC·REVIEW·OF·THE·WEEK

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operate with his administration during the forthcoming session of Congress in passing the needed appropriation bills, particularly for road building and Mississippi flood control, which would supply jobs for a certain number of workers. This move was also probably political in motive, for a determined minority in both parties had planned to hold up all legislation until more restrictive laws could be passed for the control of the public utilities. Meanwhile, minor splits appeared in both parties. Senator Glass, on November 12, denounced the seven signers of the Democratic offer. He claimed they were unjustified in talking for members of Congress and held that their action was a half-hearted apology for having won the elections and thereby, in the mind of some, threatening the stability of the country through Democratic rule. On the other hand, many Republicans attacked Senator Fess, national Chairman of the Republican party, who had just led his followers through a disastrous campaign. Some attacked his inefficiency, while others of "wet" tendencies blamed Mr. Fess for his personal attitude towards Prohibition. Mr. Fess replied by expressing his willingness to abide by whatever recommendations the forthcoming Wickersham report may make.

Chronicle

Home News.—On November 7, three days after the national elections, the country was startled by a public manifesto signed by seven national Democratic leaders:

Election Aftermath

James M. Cox, John W. Davis, Alfred E. Smith, Senator Joseph T. Robinson, Representative John M. Garner, John J. Raskob and Jouett Shouse. These Democratic leaders promised the country that, in spite of their overwhelming victory at the polls and of their continued opposition to the tariff bill, they would do nothing to block legislation which would lead the country back to prosperity. This statement was received in various ways: with embarrassment by the Republicans, who would hereafter be unable to claim sole credit for a possible return of prosperity before 1932; with enthusiasm by the press generally; and with sullen silence by the Republican Progressives who were thus to find themselves deprived of the balance of power which the elections had apparently granted them. The President himself was silent on the matter for two or three days, but after a long conference with Senator Watson he formally accepted the Democratic offer. Two or three days later, he made a further step and in a letter to Senator Robinson called upon the Democrats to co-

Argentina.—Political activity seemed on the increase. The Independent Socialists voted a merger with the National Democratic Federation to oppose contemplated changes in the electoral laws and the Constitution. For refusing to recognize the judicial appointments made by the

Politics

Provisional Government, though the latter had been accepted as the de facto Government by the Federal Supreme Court, Dr. Eleodoro Fierro, President of the Federal Chamber of Appeals, Cordoba circuit, was ousted, arrested and brought to Buenos Aires under police escort. On November 5, Don Julian Enciso, Chargé d'Affaires of the Argentine Embassy in Washington, died at sea while on his way to Buenos Aires. He had passed twenty-two years in the foreign service. He went to Washington as Counsellor of the Embassy in the spring of 1928, and became Chargé the Fall of that same year on the departure of Don Manuel I. Malbran, the Ambassador, who left for Buenos Aires and subsequently resigned in consequence of differences with the Foreign Office in the Administration of President Irigoyen. President Uriburu has reappointed Dr. Malbran as Ambassador to the United States.

Australia.—A financial and economic crisis of large magnitude troubled both the Federal and State Govern-

ments. This was emphasized during the recent weeks by the absence of Premier Scullin at the Imperial Conference in London. During several years, the financial obligations of the Commonwealth were allowed to increase. In a late report, the accumulated deficit of the Commonwealth was placed at \$32,000,000. In addition to this budgetary deficit, there was an unfunded floating debt of \$15,000,000, a maturing of internal securities amounting during the next three years to \$1,020,000,000, and loans in New York and London to the extent of \$150,000,000 a year. The origin of these obligations, in regard to the Federal and State Governments, came from the plans of social development, for example, old-age pensions, maternity allowances, unemployment grants, etc. Added to this was the rapid decline in the amount of exports and general trade. In the year ended June 30, 1930, the exports totaled \$480,000,000; during the five preceding years the average was \$725,000,000. Because of this situation, the Federal Government under Premier Scullin and the Laborites decided on a policy of strictest economy in order to reduce the burden of the internal and external debts. Various solutions were offered, principal among which was that outlined by Sir Otto Niemeyer, an expert sent by the Bank of England. But extremists in the Labor Cabinet and in the caucus of the party rejected the proposed plans for rehabilitation, and tended towards a repudiation of War debts, or at least a suspension of payments on debts maturing during the next year. Premier Scullin affirmed his stand for the honoring of all obligations as they became due. As a result, the Labor party was seriously disrupted. Added to the difficulties was the insurgence of the Labor extremists in New South Wales. At the election of October 25, the Laborites under J. T. Lang won a majority of ten seats over the Nationalists who previously held the Government. Mr. Lang's chief issue was a repudiation of the War debt and of the loans of British firms. He has now carried his views into the Federal policies and has strengthened opposition to the moderate Laborites under Premier Scullin.

Austria.—The fourteen political parties which sought representation in the National Assembly ended the five weeks of the fiercest elections campaign ever recorded in Austria by giving to the three main contestants the following results: Socialists, 72 mandates; the Christian Social party, 66; the Schober bloc, composed of the Peasant and Pan-German parties, 19; and the Heimwehr, 8. The Christian Social party divided its losses by yielding one mandate to the Socialists and the remainder to the Heimwehr. Herr Schober, bound by a pre-election pledge not to unite with the Socialists, was expected to attempt a coalition between the Schober bloc and the Christian Social party, either with or without the eight Heimwehr Deputies. Such a union of forces was considered imperative if the Government was expected to function. Prince von Starhemberg, the Heimwehr leader and Minister of the Interior, suggested the alternative of a new election. Msgr. Seipel, Foreign Minister in the present minority Cabinet,

was looked to for direction in accepting the conditions for a coalition or inducing President Miklas to reappoint the minority government as now constituted and immediately dissolve Parliament. The democratic press of Berlin, commenting on the outcome of the Austrian elections, recorded great satisfaction with what it termed the complete failure of the radical cause. It rejoiced especially that Adolf Hitler's hope that the National Socialist successes in the Germany elections on September 14, would be followed by a similar move in Austria had failed.

Belgium.—The language question caused another Cabinet crisis on November 11, when the Liberal-party members of Premier Jaspar's Coalition Cabinet resigned, following criticism of one of their number, Minister of Education Vauthier, by the Brussels Liberal Federation. With their resignation, Premier Jaspar presented to the King the resignation of the Catholic-party members of the Cabinet. However, King Albert requested the Premier to carry on for the present in the hope of an amicable adjustment.

Brazil.—Recognitions of the Vargas Provisional Government poured in rapidly. The following nations notified Rio de Janeiro of their acceptance of the new regime: Vatican State, the United States, Great Britain, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Portugal, Sweden, Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, Ecuador, Mexico, Paraguay, Peru, Uruguay, Cuba, France, Germany, Spain, and Switzerland. Until the new Congress is elected, the Government will be dictatorial. The old Congress, which was considered illegal, was dissolved. In accordance with the determination of the new Government to practise economy, the American Naval Mission and the French Military Mission have been dismissed because of the expense they entailed. For the most part, the Vargas Government was occupied with deportations, the restoration of public order, and the organization of government in outlying districts.

France.—Four banks closed their doors in Paris early in November, and it was feared for a while that a serious panic might result. Later statements declared that the institutions were not bankrupt, and that the suspension was only temporary. A group of bankers, with the support of the Government and the aid of the Bank of France, was formed to extend special credit and take over the management of the oldest and most important of the imperiled institutions, and reassuring statements were issued by Minister of Finance Renaud and M. Moret, Governor of the Bank of France.

Germany.—The formal dissolution of the Democratic party, which was organized in 1918 by Theodor Wolff, was voted at a party caucus in Hanover on November 8. A motion recommending that the members join the new State party, which was launched informally before the Reichstag elections, was carried by a vote of 334 to 16.

Financial Crisis

Cabinet Offers Resignation

New Government Recognized

Election Returns

Bank Run Averted

Democratic Party Dissolved

Dr. Hermann Dietrich, Finance Minister of the Reich, was elected president of the new party. He explained that the State party stands by the Republic, but opposes socialistic financial legislation. This statement was taken as a reply to the political opponents who charged that the party had been organized merely as an escape from the complete collapse of the Democratic party which threatened, it was alleged, when the number of Reichstag Deputies dwindled down to twenty-five from the seventy-five elected in 1919.

The Socialists threatened to end the policy of benevolent neutrality with the Bruening Government unless the Chancellor's campaign for lower price levels of household

Reduction Program

commodities produced some tangible results. The special arbitration court, which was formed to settle the conflict in the Berlin metal industry returned a verdict calling for a three per cent wage cut beginning November 17 and an additional five per cent cut from January 19, 1931, for all workers eighteen or over and three per cent for those below that age. The Ruhr coal industry agreed to cut the price of coal at the pitheads by six per cent on December 1. Apart from the resentment of organized labor against the compulsory wage cut there was a growing demand from the middle and working classes for an adequate offset in the shape of reduced prices to conform to the enforced restrictions on the family budgets. Wage cuts, it was said, were agreed to only because ample assurances had been given that a general price reduction for all necessities, especially foodstuffs, would take place simultaneously, and if necessary would be enforced by the Government. Only active achievements in the way of worthwhile price reductions, it was said, would placate the Socialist party and insure the Chancellor's mainstay in the Reichstag from the danger of being forced by the labor elements in its ranks to terminate its friendly relations with the Government.

Great Britain.—King George, as Emperor of India, opened the ceremonial session of the Indian Round Table Conference in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords on November 12. There were present

Indian Round Table Conference

eighty-six delegates, representing the three political parties of Great Britain, the political, racial and religious groups of British India, and the Princes of the independent Indian States. After the address of welcome by his Majesty, the Maharajah of Patiala, Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes, proposed the nomination of Ramsay MacDonald as chairman of the Conference; the nomination was seconded by Aga Khan and voted unanimously. Addresses followed by leaders of the various delegations. This preliminary session was a colorful spectacle with the Indian princes clothed in their native costumes, and was carried through with solemn pageantry. The business sessions began on November 17 and gave promise of being continued till the early part of next year. Neither Mahatma Gandhi nor any official representative of his movement accepted the invitation to be present at the Conference; there were, however, some independent delegates who sympathized

with his program. Moderates of both the Hindu and Moslem groups who were present professed the desire to work in accord with one another. The Conference will be conducted on a basis of open discussion, with all delegates having an equal voice in the proceedings; but there will be no voting on any proposition. At the opening of the Conference, three plans for the future of India were being discussed. The first was that recommended by the Simon Report which would retain India under British control but would offer a greater measure of self-government. The second was that of Dominion status for India; this has been practically promised by the Labor Government and Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, but only as an event of the vague future. The third looked to complete independence of India. This last was regarded as impossible by Great Britain and would not be considered. It was thought that the final decision of the Conference would advocate something between the Simon Report and Dominion Status.

Italy.—Reports were circulated in the European press, outside of Italy, that the Government had discovered an anti-Fascist plot which involved several university professors and former Cabinet officers and had arrested the leaders. Later a statement from the Government declared that about twenty persons had been arrested for anti-Fascist activities in various cities in the north of Italy, but did not disclose the identity of the prisoners. A story of the resignation of Foreign Minister Grandi was denied by the Government.

Anti-Fascist Arrests

Japan.—The Formosan affair petered out and the Government decided not to press punishment on the offenders, as investigation showed that minor local police officials had in part provoked the native uprising. On November 10, the long dispute between the Government and the naval authorities over the naval budget was resolved, when an agreement was reached on a program calling for an expenditure of 373,000,000 yen (\$186,000,000) over a period of six years. The new naval program is designed to give Japan the maximum tonnage and efficiency permitted by the London pact. The final agreement was a compromise between the Minister of Finance and the Minister of the Navy, and indicated that the civilian element of the Government was largely successful in its stand against the navy's larger aspirations. Two days earlier the *Maya*, the next to the last of the 10,000-ton cruisers which Japan may build within limitations of the London naval treaty, was launched.

Varia

Peru.—In a riot on November 12 at a copper mine near Mal Paso, 125 miles northwest of Lima, two Americans, an Austrian, and twelve Peruvians lost their lives. The riot followed an attempted labor demonstration. There has been unrest in the locality ever since market conditions caused the laying off of many miners. The Lima Government assured Foreign Ministers that their nationals

Labor Riot

would be protected, and all foreigners were escorted aboard special trains. Among them were about 350 American and British subjects. A detachment of 200 soldiers was rushed to the scene of the rioting to reinforce the local police. The labor situation was aggravated by a threatened strike of organized workmen in Lima and Callao, the principal industrial centers of the country.

Russia.—The anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution was marked by the usual elaborate parade in Moscow, with the newly restored tomb of Lenin as the most striking new feature on the line of march.

Anniversary Parade Progressive mechanization of the Red army was shown in the military parade.

A tremendous world-wide "plot" to start war against the Soviet regime was declared on November 11 to have been unearthed. The French Government, Russian émigrés, Colonel Lawrence of Arabia, Sir Henry Deterding, the Chinese Eastern Railroad, and many other agencies were reported involved, chiefly on the testimony of technicians recently arrested in Russia for supposed counter-revolutionary plots. The "plot" was generally discounted as another attempt to conceal the growing acuteness of the economic crisis, and to silence the renewed criticisms of official policy by the "Right" opposition in the Soviet Government: MM. Rykov, Bukharin, and Tomsy. Shortage in coal, steel, timber, fish and other basic industries and inadequate transportation conditions continued; while prices continued to mount even in the Government cooperative stores.

Vatican City.—Two members of the Sacred College, Cardinals Charost and Mistrangelo, died on November 7 in their respective archiepiscopal Sees, Rennes and Florence. This reduced the membership of

Cardinals Charost and Mistrangelo the College of Cardinals to fifty-nine, of whom thirty are non-Italians. A semi-

official communique from the Vatican on the same day denied that the Holy Father had disclosed his choice for any of the vacancies.—Alexis Cardinal Charost was born in 1860, consecrated titular Bishop of Miletopolis and appointed Auxiliary to the Bishop of Cambrai in 1913. Later in the same year he was made Bishop of the newly erected See of Lille. Seven years later he was made Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Rennes and succeeded to that See the following year. He was created Cardinal Priest by Pope Pius XI in December, 1922. On the occupation of Lille by the German army in 1914, he was arrested and deported to Aachen after he had warned his people against giving any assistance to the enemy. Later he was released and returned to his diocese, where he was active in relief work during and after the War.

—Alfonso Maria Cardinal Mistrangelo was born at Savona in 1852, and at the age of nineteen entered the Congregation of Clerks Regular of Pious Schools. After a successful career as a teacher and administrator, he was consecrated Bishop of Pontremoli in 1893, and six years later promoted to the See of Florence. He was created Cardinal Priest by Pope Benedict XV, in December, 1915. He was a member of the Consistorial Congre-

gation, and the Congregations of Religious, of Ceremonies, and of Seminaries and Universities.

Disarmament.—The Preparatory Disarmament Commission, charged with preparing the program for the future conference on the reduction and limitation of

Opening Session armaments, resumed its sessions on November 6. Discussions were opened with a sensational speech by Maxim Litvinov, the Soviet delegate, demanding that the scope of disarmament be widened. On November 8 the commission reaffirmed its former decision, opposed by Germany, to exclude the question of limiting trained reserves and war stocks from its discussions. The limitation of naval personnel was agreed upon, but at once a difference appeared as to whether officers and men should be limited "globally," or each in their own class. Japan offered a compromise.

The chief bone of contention, however, was the old question of direct and indirect limitation of armaments. Advocates of the system of limiting armaments directly were Holland, Sweden, Italy, Great Britain, and (for itself) the United States. Japan, France, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Yugoslavia, and Norway stood out for limiting through budgetary regulation of expenditure. In his address on November 11, Ambassador Gibson, of the United States, expressed agreement with many of General de Marinis' arguments, speaking for Italy, in preference of direct limitation. The United States, however, could not for certain "practical reasons" adopt such a course. These reasons he did not explain but they were thought to be the constitutionality of thus limiting the appropriating power of Congress. But the United States could agree to other countries adopting the budget plan. French and other Allied opposition to limitation by expenditures was thought to be based on the fear that Germany would thereby enjoy greater opportunities for armed recovery than under the direct system.

G. K. Chesterton, who will lecture at the Hotel Commodore in New York on November 27 under the auspices of AMERICA, will, the Editors hope, present an article next week in his usual vein.

The second article in the series "The Corner Grocer Talks Back," by H. G. Takkenberg will be "The Voluntary Chain Store," and will detail the cooperative methods of the independents.

Catholics have recently been highly critical of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. The Editors have asked Laurence K. Patterson, professor of history at Fordham University and a graduate of Cambridge University, to examine Dr. G. G. Coulton's article on the Reformation. The startling results will appear next week.

The year 1930 marks the centenary of the famous apparition of the Immaculate Conception which gave rise to the Miraculous Medal. Joseph Husslein, in the first of two articles, will contribute "A Centenary of Mary Immaculate."

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Thanksgiving Day, 1930

AS we take stock in the days that precede the last Thursday of the month, it would seem that the year has not afforded us abundant cause for thanksgiving. The Summer months brought a severe drouth in the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi, causing great loss of farm products, and in some parts of the country this drouth is unbroken after a duration of nearly six months. Only a few weeks ago, the President was obliged to appoint a commission to work out ways and means of bringing relief to thousands of families. Every city in the country is strained to the limit of its resources to provide food and shelter not only for individuals out of work, but for whole families. From these points of view—and others might be mentioned—there is not much to arouse in us overwhelming sentiments of gratitude.

It is true that there is much public distress. But if we fix our eyes on this fact alone, we secure but a partial view, and deprive ourselves of the correctives which bring out the whole truth. There are other blessings, surely, in God's kindly hands, besides those which can flow from temporal well being. Indeed, what we consider prosperity is not always a real blessing. Someone has well said that if God sometimes seems to be cruel, it is only to be kind. If His liberality gives, His love can take away. The evils that befell Job, when affliction held counsel under his roof, and he supped with grief, did not mean that the protection of God's hand had been withdrawn. Did temporal misfortune connote an abatement of God's love, Thanksgiving Day this year might well be turned into a day of mourning. But that assumption rests on no Christian principle. Indeed, the Master has taught us that the Cross is a sign of our fellowship with Him.

Well then does the Church admonish us in the Canon of the Mass, that "it is truly meet and just, right and profitable for us, at all times and in all places to give thanks." Every day of our lives God watches over us, with a love before whose tender solicitude the love of a mother for her first-born is as indifference. That love

shields us from harm, and day by day leads us nearer to Him, and to Heaven, our home. Because He loves us, He weans our hearts from the world and its transitory joys, and gives us a cross in time that in eternity He may give us a crown.

In this year of temporal distress, then, as in the years of full harvests, it is truly meet and just, right and profitable, for us to give thanks. For the benefits that we have received, in particular for His gifts in the supernatural order, we cannot thank Him of ourselves, but only through the mediation of our Elder Brother, who being God, yet of our race, can speak for us.

Fittingly, then, shall we as a people acknowledge our dependence upon Him next Thursday. As Americans, let us take part in this communal act. As Catholics, let us be present at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and draw near to the Holy Table. To our prayers of thanksgiving, let us add the prayer in petition, that the blessing of Almighty God may come down upon our nation and upon all our people, to abide with them forever.

"The Theory of Self-Support"

IN his October number, the editor of the *Catholic Charities Review*, under the title cited above, discusses a problem that is not often mentioned. Perhaps that silence explains, in part, at least, why we are still far from a satisfactory settlement of the problem.

Must all our hospitals, homes, corrective institutions, and similar establishments, operate on the principle that each must support itself from its revenues? Up to the present, very few have been endowed. The others have been obliged to make ends meet by charging fees. As Dr. Ryan observes, "They simply have made a virtue of necessity."

But it is fairly plain that a charitable institution which is obliged to exact fees from the few, in order to give freely to the many, will sooner or later be limited very sharply in its work. When an institution must choose between opening another ward for free patients and taking up a note that cannot be extended, it is not to be blamed when it pays the note. An attempt to extend would mean the loss of all that had been gained.

Yet "a self-supporting institution," comments Dr. Ryan, "is a business institution." Unlike justice and peace, business and charity do not willingly embrace. The relation between the two is apt to be belligerent. Charity gives without thought of return, while business gives exclusively for a profit.

During the coming year a survey of some seventy convents of the Good Shepherd will be made by a committee working under the direction of the National Conference of Catholic Charities. In these institutions whose work is as difficult as it is important, the burden is very heavy, and for some years it has been apparent that new means of support must be found. The Sisters have been criticized for shortcomings that were wholly unavoidable, under present circumstances, and usually the fiercest disapproval has come from men and women who never give as much as a kind word to aid them. The survey will

disclose to the public the value of the work of these heroic women, and will, it is hoped, lead to a solution of the financial problems involved.

But the difficulty of self-support is by no means confined to these institutions. In varying degree it is found in every non-endowed Catholic establishment. In the judgment of many, new means of financing our parish schools must be devised. Little or no provision is now made for the central rural school. No provision is made for equalization of funds for elementary Catholic schools, with the result that often the parish which most keenly needs a school, cannot possibly build and support a school. In our cities, as well as in the rural districts, the impossibility of erecting elementary schools under the each-for-himself policy, means that thousands of Catholic children are deprived of a Catholic education. Here is one leak in the dyke that must be stopped at once. But our present system—if, indeed, it can be called a system—provides no stopper and no way of finding one.

We wish the Conference's committee all success. More to the point, we pray that this survey spirit may make itself felt in other fields.

Evasive Corporations

IN a hearing on the regulation of a public-service corporation at Concord, the State Counsel of New Hampshire, Mr. Louis E. Wyman, stressed a complication which the respective States should at once take steps to remove. In seeking to fix a just rate for the product of a corporation furnishing light and heat, the State found that it was almost impossible to discover what the corporation was. Apparently the owners had purposely split one original company into "a cloud of corporations." While this split muddled the waters, the State claimed that these corporations were not actually separate entities, but merely parts of one company which, by its nature, would be subject to State regulation.

Other States have experienced a similar difficulty. When clever corporation lawyers put their heads together to devise ways and means of outwitting the public, then the public, represented by its officials, is helpless. In one instance, that of a street-railway company, one of our largest American cities was quite unable to find out who really owned and controlled the company. But that was merely the beginning of the trouble. The city was presented with a set of books which, at least on the witness stand, not even the treasurer of the company was able to explain, and, on appeal, the company defeated the demand of the city that it keep its records in a fashion which the average expert could understand when he examines them.

Rate-fixing, intended as a protection for the public against corporate greed, is a ghastly failure, when the city or State is not permitted to know the income and expenditure of a public-service corporation. But what city or State, as matters now stand, can obtain that information, when a whole battery of high-priced lawyers instruct reluctant corporations how that information can be legally withheld?

Rose Hawthorne's Hospitals

AT the convention last month in Philadelphia of the American College of Surgeons, Dr. James Ewing, of New York, proposed the erection of six hospitals in different sections of the country for the care of cancer patients. While it may be true that cancer is becoming more common in this country year by year, it must not be forgotten that in the earlier stages the disease yields quite readily to treatment. The institute at Johns Hopkins suggests methods which enable the physician to recognize these stages with no great difficulty, and a treatment which has saved many from the torture which marks so many forms of the disease. Intensive study, it is hoped, will one day provide methods by which the remotest beginnings of cancer can be seen at once and removed, and Dr. Welsh thinks that in time we may find a cure applicable even in the extreme stages.

May the Divine Physician hasten the coming of that day! But it is quite possible that many years may pass before the causes of this dread disease, and a method of removing them, are discovered. Until that time comes, we shall need not only institutes of research and clinics of every variety, but hospitals in which men and women afflicted with what is now deemed incurable cancer can be tenderly cared for. In these hospitals, research methods will be but secondary, and the chief aim to supply a home for the sufferer and to alleviate pain as far as possible.

We speak under correction, but it would seem that homes of this kind are far too few. Especially is this true of homes for needy and indigent patients. Only those who have visited the bedside of a sufferer who cannot be taken to a hospital either because of lack of funds, or because there is no hospital in that locality for incurable cases, can realize how dreadful the burden upon the family can become. Day after day, and night after night, the members of the family take turns in watching with the poor sufferer, their hearts wrung with grief that they can do so very little to ease the dreadful agony—and in so many cases death tarries, and does not come until the patient has all but exhausted the possibilities of pain, and the afflicted family is worn to the verge of a physical and mental breakdown.

It was to minister to cases of this kind that the late Mother Alphonsa, the beloved "Rose" of Hawthorne, founded her Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer. The rule adopted from the outset still prevails: the applicant must be incurably afflicted with cancer and wholly without money. Pay patients are not accepted; applicants whose cases are in the earlier stages are recommended to some other institution. But the poor, incurable patient is received with open arms, and while all that medical science can suggest is used to the full, the Sisters try first of all to give the sufferer all that loving personal attention which he would receive in the tenderest of homes.

Appealing as this charity is, it has not received the support which its sublime character merits. After years of labor, Mother Alphonsa left but two institutions, the beautiful home at Hawthorne, in Westchester County, New York, and the city house at 71 Jackson Street, in

New York City. Within the present year, the Sacred Heart Free Home in Philadelphia was opened. All these homes depend upon alms, and as the Sisters, of course, give their services free of all charge, the maintenance is kept at the lowest figure.

Is there not someone among our readers who can help a poor cancer patient by helping their heroic nurses? The Divine Physician whose loving Heart went out in tender pity to the afflicted will be their abundant reward.

What the Pope Said

IN solemn conference a few months ago at Dallas, in the sovereign State of Texas, some Masons of the Southern Jurisdiction suddenly discovered that the Bishop of Rome had written a letter on education. It is not of record that in the excitement which doubtless ensued any of the brethren undertook to study what the Holy Father had written. Indeed, it would appear from the report sent out by the Associated Press, that they read hastily, if at all, for in a resolution they declared that they would oppose "any ecclesiastic power, seeking to control or supervise the free public-school system of the United States."

The controversy on what the Pope said spread to the neighboring town of Houston, and at its height the pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Father Jerome R. Rapp, in a letter to the *Chronicle*, offered to send, without cost to any applicant, a copy of the Encyclical on the Christian Education of Youth. It would be interesting to learn how many responded to this offer, and interesting too could we know how many readers discovered on reading Father Rapp's well worded letter, that they themselves quite agreed with the Pope!

For Father Rapp showed very clearly that far from denying the rights of the State in education, the Pope had stated them with remarkable clearness. What the Pontiff objected to, in certain contingencies, was nothing less than a philosophy which many Americans, including the members of the Supreme Court of the United States, had declared incompatible with our constitutional ideals. Whatever the rights of the State, the State, said the Pope, had no right to set up a bureaucratic monopoly which all parents were to be compelled to support and patronize. Parents had rights, the Pope insisted, and God too had His rights in education. From this position, the atheist and the bureaucrat, trained in a philosophy of government which, unfortunately, has established itself in many parts of Europe, would dissent. But it is difficult to see how dissent could be based on grounds of devotion to American ideals, or on grounds of allegiance to the law of God. As has been remarked, in substance, by more than one critic, the system which expels religion from the public schools pleases no one, except those whose ideals are atheistic.

It is to be feared that the Southern Masons jumped too quickly to an unwarranted conclusion. Had they read what the Pope actually said, and pondered upon the principles and purposes of the Encyclical, their Christian members would have endorsed the Pontiff's dictum that without religion as its informing and sustaining principle,

there can be no true education. All the early schools of the South, as well as many now maintained, were deeply religious in their teaching, for the simple reason that they were essentially religious in their purpose.

Probably in no part of the country has this sound philosophy won so general and lasting an acceptance. Lee, erecting as the first building of the almost-ruined Washington College, a chapel for the students, and teaching that higher education failed of its essential purpose unless it trained the students to be consistent Christians, bears eloquent and convincing testimony to Southern belief and practice, as contrasted with the mouthings of modern scalawags and carpetbaggers who brazenly misrepresent the spirit of the South.

Of the English preacher, Father Vaughan, it was said that he had no objection to the sound of the slogan, "No Popery!" but only to the spelling, which he would amend to "Know Popery!" We offer a similar amendment to the Masons of the Southern Jurisdiction, and to all who feel that their most sacred sentiments have been outraged by the Encyclical of Pius XI. At Dallas, their cry was "No Encyclical!" Let them amend this to "Know the Encyclical," and we feel sure that many among them will foregather in all peace and amity with Father Rapp, and even with the Editors of this Review!

The Low State of Literature

THE conferring of the Nobel prize in literature upon Sinclair Lewis would indicate, at first glance, that the jury was not well acquainted with the English language. Viewed from another angle, it would seem to imply that all over the world literature is in a low state.

To what extent the judges were guided by the canons of literary criticism, and how far they desired to express approval of work which is distinctively representative of a phase of social development, is not clear. Few English or American critics are disposed to agree that Mr. Lewis' work exhibits those characteristics which rank it as literature. Fewer American critics, we think, will admit that Mr. Lewis' vignettes, sharp, clear, and often repulsive, correspond to any phase of life that is distinctively American.

Mr. Lewis himself seems to perceive dimly that he does not belong in the list of the great writers who have already received the Nobel Prize, for in a recent sound film he, with mock modesty, expressed his surprise to find himself in their company. It is a strange fact, but a fact nevertheless, that if you ask the average European whom he considers to be the outstanding American creators of literature, he will give you the names of Upton Sinclair, Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis!

Our brethren of the bench and bar assure us that it is quite impossible to forecast the mind of the average jury. They add that searching out the mind of a jury after decision has been rendered is a profitless task. Perhaps there is not much difference between the average county-court jury, and the juries which serve the Nobel-prize commission. At least, the choice of Mr. Sinclair Lewis deepens that impression.

France in America

W. A. L. STYLES

IF French explorers seeking to plant roots in the soil of a new continent had deliberately sought the most glorious setting in the world for dominion and settlement, they could have found none greater than that of New France in 1537 as it slowly grew around and beyond Quebec with the majestic River St. Lawrence at its feet. Cartier and Champlain and the stream of French voyageurs and trappers, priests and soldiers, noblemen and peasants, who traversed the waters of this great river in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, saw no such scene as would be witnessed today with all its familiar sights and accompaniments of modern civilization.

There was a time when French dominion reached across North America and clasped hands with the Acadians in Florida; when marks of possession were planted down the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys to the Gulf of Mexico bringing the French in Quebec into touch with their confreres in Louisiana. But that was New France glorified and, for a moment, almost attaining the heights of Richelieu's imperial dream. In these periods of early struggle New France included Quebec, Acadia, and the main section of Ontario of today, with an ill-defined and changing region which stretched for some distance into what are now the central American States, a territory sometimes held and sometimes lost, but for which hope was not abandoned until the final victory of the British under Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham at Quebec.

The first important element in the making of the French Canadian, who now holds the portals of a great Dominion, was his relation to and bitter life grapple with the savage Indian. The effect of this environment upon the character of the French-Canadian intensified the military atmosphere of pioneer Quebec, quickened the missionary spirit of the Church, enhanced the difficulties of local administration and definitely delimited immigration. In the earlier stages of settlement there were practically no farmers (*habitants*) in Quebec, the population being mainly composed of soldiers and adventurous spirits of the wandering type. Fur traders wanted hunters not caring for settlements of a permanent nature. When colonists did arrive, the scattered settlements were always in peril and not until the British Cession had disposed of the probability of external war and had quieted the savage Iroquois, with whom the English had always been more or less friendly, did peace come to Quebec.

More important than the factor of Indian war in its final impress upon the French Canadian was the influence exerted by the missionaries. From the first the black-robes controlled the essential lightness of the French nature, modified the extremes to which administration in an isolated community might naturally have led, encouraged the building of schools and churches and promoted a study of Indian character which no other administration would have taken seriously in hand, besides plunging themselves into the thick of a missionary effort which

for heroism, self-sacrifice and martyrdom has been unparalleled in the annals of world history, sharing the dangers and privations, which enabled them to explore the shores of Lake Erie, the upper Mississippi and the stormy waters of far-off Hudson Bay.

The French race in Canada represents much that is interesting in character and environment. Beginning early in the seventeenth century with isolated pioneer settlements on the River St. Lawrence, the French maintained for more than one hundred years an eventful struggle with the steady and ever-increasing force of English settlers on the Atlantic seaboard, with the power of Britain on the sea and with the ever-present hostility of the warlike Iroquois. Yet these few and afterward scattered people, from their vantage ground on the ramparts of Quebec, stamped a record of unprecedented achievement across the map of North America, just as in later days they have faced the dominating characteristics of English-speaking Canada and the pressure to the south, meanwhile maintaining their language, holding fast to their Faith, and fully conserving their national identity.

To the people of the United States and even to many of the citizens of Canada the *habitant* of Quebec is something unique and picturesque. Everything seems to conjure up bygone days—customs, quaint dwellings, wayside shrines, even antiquated bake-ovens. Feudal vestiges are not lacking in old windmills with idle wings, with an occasional seignorial manor in stone, testifying to the energy of a previous generation. The *habitant* is very much at home in Quebec; very much a part of its civilization; very much a pioneer in the history of the North American continent. His villages are attractive to the visitor because they are different from those to be found elsewhere. His life and customs are of interest because he has preserved the traditions of the past while elsewhere people have more or less departed from tradition and defied something which is popularly labeled Progress.

Everywhere the countryside preserves its primitive aspect. Houses are spread out along the road at intervals. In villages they cluster about the Church and the convent. The parish is dear to the heart of the French-Canadian *habitant* as it safeguards his religious interests. The parish priest, known as the *curé*, is one of the most affecting figures in the social structure of French Canada. Of him it has been aptly written: "Good sense and good humor bundled in six ells of black cloth." The French-Canadian clergy have won an enviable place in history beyond challenge. The *curé* encourages early marriage, advocates large families and maintains a high communal standard for his parishioners. He at all times is the best interpreter of God's plans and the wisest counselor of his flock. Scarcely does the *curé* enter the home of a parishioner than the entire family fall to their knees to ask his blessing and the rest of the visit is given over to informal conversation, mostly on the latest parish news.

The *habitant* and his family love amusement, gaiety and the simple pleasures of rural life in communities where everybody knows everybody and has done so through many generations. Men, women and children alike love good stories and are fond of singing the old French-Canadian *chansons*. The courtesy of the *habitant* is one of the things which stamps French Canadians as a people apart from the rest. Like the better-class portion of any population, they inherit something of the traditional charm of French manners in the days of long ago; something of the politeness which is even yet more natural to a Frenchman than it is to any other nationality.

Of miscellaneous characteristics peculiar to the French Canadian of Quebec it may be said that he marries young; that he is thrifty and temperate; that he is clean in person with homes that are quite remarkable in this respect. Strongly attached to the soil the *habitant* generally places his sons on the land about him, but aims at sending one to college for his pride is to have a priest, a lawyer or a doctor in the family.

Out of his old-time relations with the *seigneur* evolved some of the characteristics of the *habitant*. The latter's obligations were not very onerous during the seigneurial regime, the yearly total of *cens et rentes*, representing only a few dollars in modern money for a small holding of land with the option of paying same in produce, if so preferred. Rent day, instead of being a monthly abhorrence to the flesh, was formerly a pleasure, a yearly and festal occasion when the tenants gathered at the manor house on New Year's Day and were regally feasted by the Seigneur.

The rural inhabitant of Quebec owes much indeed to the tender ministrations of Mother Church. This factor, combined with racial affiliations, has made the *habitant* what he is—an industrious, contented, temperate, cheerful, devout and patriotic citizen. Narrow though his outlook may be on life, yet this may well be forgotten when his whole-souled love of the soil, his law-abiding nature and his generous appreciation of all that is joyful in life are studied and appreciated. The French-Canadian peasant of Quebec is continuing in this twentieth century the rugged furrow marked out in the seventeenth century by the hardy colonists of Richelieu, Colbert and Talon, his predecessors of other centuries.

AFTER RONSARD

Do not remember that we loved sometime,
Forget the ashes, gray upon the stone
Of our love's hearth, deserted and alone.
Only remember that in fluent rhyme
Deathless you are and lovely, and your fame
Is golden, in the cadence of a song:
For me the passage of the days along
Remembering the whisper of your name.

But afterward, when memory is old
And those wild-fire eyes have guttered out
Long time ago, beloved, do not doubt,
Dusty with death and spurning of the mould
Will rise your spirit like a summer bird
From the sere pages that some hand has stirred.

J. G. E. HOPKINS.

The Way to Camaldoli

VINCENT ENGELS

A QUESTION I shall never cease to ask of any who, I think, may be able to answer it is why of three men, not unlike in many ways, one should be a saint or at least an innocent, and the other two should be rogues, or at least be quite happy to be known as rogues. I am thinking of Brother Livreg, who spends all his days in the monastery of the eremitical Camaldulensians at Camaldoli, and of the Bianchi brothers, who may often be seen, when they are not at their villainies, in a cafe near the limits of Naples on the road to Camaldoli.

Giorgio is the elder of the brothers; Alessandro is reputed the greater rogue. They sit in the cafe hour after hour, sipping black coffee, rarely wine, and reading newspapers: all the papers from Naples, and some from Rome, Milan, and the African colonies. Occasionally Alessandro will venture a brief remark to which Giorgio makes no reply.

Apparently they are heedless of everything about them. If the carriage of a great Cardinal should pass in the road, probably they would not be aware. But let a foreigner come walking by, and instinctively they seem to know it. The papers are thrown aside; they are on their feet and after him.

Should he be on his way to Camaldoli, and he usually is, they will offer to take him over a short-cut through the woods which will save him two hours of walking. Now as he can see by the map in his guidebook that the road to Camaldoli is shaped, roughly, like a horseshoe, it is easy enough to persuade him if he is at all a reasonable man that such a short cut does exist. The brothers Bianchi will take him to Camaldoli, and cut miles off his way for twenty lire. If he demurs they reduce the price to ten. But from all hagglers they demand payment in advance, which is perhaps as sound a rule in brigandry as in other acquisitive pursuits.

The way is very rough and very steep. It dips into ravines filled with huge boulders, it leads through briary thickets and dark woods, and sometimes it comes perilously close to the brink of a cliff. In most places the trail is so narrow that a company must walk single file, which well suits the Bianchis, because then Giorgio, the meditative one, can set the pace, which will not be too fast for comfort, and Alessandro, in the rear, can prevent their client from beating a sudden retreat.

If the foreigner is one who has agreed to pay twenty lire, their conduct will remain above reproach even to the monastery door. But if he is a ten-lire man their demeanor will change as soon as they have him in the first gloomy ravine. In their way they are artists, the brothers. They have a studied technique for hagglers. When they get one they tell him that the trail has an angry history. Here where it skirts the edge of a hill, four men have been thrown to their death; here where it is crowded close by trees that interweave their branches overhead, seven have been stabbed. Here bandits once had their hut; and here, less than a year ago, a man was found stripped of his clothing and wounded sore. Then they

dwell on the wickedness recently prevalent in Naples and the ineffectiveness of the police. Alessandro does most of the speaking. Giorgio's part is to grunt assent, at the dramatic points.

Now the trail emerges briefly from the woods. To the right is an olive grove; to the left a clearing and a farm house. Ahead the trail splits into four trails, all leading again into the woods. Giorgio stops. Alessandro tells the haggler that the trail which they are now to follow is the farmer's private trail, and that to use it a toll of five lire is exacted from each member of the party.

It is palpably a falsehood, but what can the hapless pilgrim do?

He can go back if he wishes, in which case he will never get to Camaldoli that day. And of course the brothers will retain his ten lire. Or he can push on, if he thinks that out of the four trails ahead of him he can pick the right one. But Alessandro will cry out, and the farmer's huge dogs will come racing from the house to guarantee that he does not get very far. Usually the man pays the fifteen lire. Giorgio gravely crosses the clearing and enters the house to have a sip of wine with the farmer, an uncle, by the way, of the brothers Bianchi. He returns with a receipt for fifteen lire. Out of this the uncle has received five lire, which is a good deal, considering his part in the business. So with the ten lire which they received at the start, and the ten which remains to them from their false toll charge, the brothers have managed to collect their price for the trip.

After forty minutes more of stiff climbing, they reach the village of Camaldoli. Above it is a high rock, the summit of the mountainous ridge along which the trail has led, and on that summit is the monastery of the Camaldulensians. The brothers lead their client to its door, pull the bell string, and speedily depart. They have no wish to be in sight when the door is opened.

He who opens the door is Brother Livreg.

He is small, and seemingly too frail to support the beard, black with streaks of gray, which flows almost to his girdle. As he takes you about the monastery, he tells you something of its history, and there is a good deal worth hearing about, but little to see. He shows you the chapel, the garden, and the old cells which were all occupied in the days of Camaldoli's greatness, but are occupied no more. Of the few hermits who are now there, and whose court of cells you do not see, Brother Livreg is the only one who may expose himself to the public and speak without restriction. He is happy enough, but I do not think he would be less happy if he were one of the recluses instead of the privileged keeper of the door.

Often in his gestures, his way of speaking, his voice and his charm he will remind you of the brothers Bianchi. Like them he is gentle toward most men: stupid ones, vain boasters, stiff necks, and babblers—orthodox or heretic, it makes no difference. The brothers hate only haggles, who put them to so much trouble, and make them tell so many lies. Livreg reserves all his scorn for the Brothers Bianchi. When he is speaking of them, his head is thrown back, his brows contract, and in the deep arch beneath them his eyes are strangely illumined; for a

moment he seems not like a gentle eremite at all, but like some Biblical prophet of the Wrath to Come.

When I first met Brother Livreg he had a curious notion about America and Americans. He had heard that it was not a godly country; that both Catholics and Protestants were out of favor there. And from something he had read he understood that Americans were not quite like other men, but that their thoughts were the result of atomic relationships within the brain, and it was probably because of this lamentable condition, he concluded, that they worshiped only automobiles and idols in the form of pictures that moved. I do not know whether to praise or condemn myself for having changed his notion about us, for I am afraid that he did not understand me altogether, and that he now holds America to be an exceedingly godly country, where automobiles are made only as a corporal act of mercy, to help the poor.

He gave me wine, and he led me to a corner of the garden where the mountainside dropped blithely down a thousand feet or so. Down there were green and silver fields, the craters of old volcanoes, and Lago D'Agnano; farther out, the blue sea, with Capri like a hump-backed leviathan to larboard, and Ischia almost dead ahead. On another occasion I took his picture, although he was not certain it was proper, and when I returned with the proof he signed it, in a timid, zig-zag hand, "Fra Livreg." I have it now before me. His large eyes look out as solemnly as they did when first I deceived him into believing there are no heathens in America, and his pose, graceful, dignified, beneath the arched doorway, is the same as it was when I last saw him, and he said to me, "Come back," and I said I would. But that was some time ago, and I am still on leave of absence from Camaldoli. If you go there, convey to him my unbounded affection.

As you leave Brother Livreg he will inquire whether you go by carriage or on foot, and if on foot he will show you to the short cut through the woods, and tell you what turns to follow. He will warn you to beware of the brothers Bianchi, *bricconi*, he will call them, *peccatori*. And if in some lonely ravine you meet the gently shuffling brothers Bianchi leading a pilgrim between them, Giorgio will pass you with averted eyes, but Alessandro, bringing up the rear, will smile and wink, as if asking you to share in the secret but not to give it away. And when you are a few paces off they will say to their treasure: "Did you regard that fellow, hah? Murdered a man on the waterfront last week. Oh, the authorities can't touch him. Very grand, great family. But raving mad."

VIGIL

Time was when I would tremble to pass by
The lonely graveyard gate,
Refusal in my heart, and a strong cry
Of fear and fearful hate.

But now I fear no more, with head held high
I enter, heart elate,
Take my stern stand without a tear or sigh
Beside the dead, and wait.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

The Corner Grocer Talks Back

H. G. TAKKENBERG

(One of a series of two articles)

I.

The Growth of the Chain Store

EIGHT billion dollars—according to Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce—are wasted in the United States every year through inefficient distribution of commodities. Some of this enormous annual loss American manufacturers, merchants and enterprisers have for years been seeking to retrieve for their own profit. One form taken by their organized efforts in this direction is the chain-store system.

Until about ten years ago the development of the chain stores, both in efficiency and in numbers, was quite gradual. During the past decade, however, their progress has been sensational in rapidity and power. In 1921 they were doing only two per cent of the retail business in the country; in 1928 they did nineteen per cent of it; in 1929 they increased their volume of business twenty-one per cent over that of the preceding year. They got, therefore, about \$15,000,000,000 of the \$80,000,000,000 of retail trade for the year. The number of chains has grown almost incredibly. A year ago there were over 800 of them. They were operating about 90,000 food stores alone, whose sales volume is estimated variously at from \$4,000,000,000 to \$7,000,000,000.

This phenomenal expansion of the chain-system food stores may have curtailed somewhat the cost of distributing groceries and other comestibles, but it has created incidentally a new and rather serious economic problem: it has threatened to crowd out the independent grocer.

Two years ago an investigator made the statement that one-third of all the retail grocers were on their way out of business. How many of them were being forced out by the chain stores, independently of other causes, cannot be determined. But now and then it is possible to narrow down the responsibility and to fasten it upon the new competition. The "Louisville Grocery Survey"—which is part of the United States Census of Food Distribution for 1929—estimated that in the city of Louisville, Ky., small grocers were going out of business at the rate of thirty a month. On the main shopping thoroughfare of the city, from eighty-five to ninety per cent of the retail business is now handled by the chain stores. Six years ago that same percentage of the retail trade was being done by the independent merchants. A survey called "Retail and Wholesale Trade of Eleven Cities," made in May, 1928, by the United States Chamber of Commerce through its Committee on the Collection of Business Figures, also reveals how strong a pressure the chains have been exerting against the independent. Out of 93,000 retail stores enumerated in the above-mentioned census, 20,886 were grocery and delicatessen stores. The independents numbered 16,500; the chains 4,386. But the independents did a yearly business of \$286,767,800, as

against a yearly volume of \$201,741,200 handled by the chain stores. That is, with 79 per cent of the stores, the independents were getting only 58.7 per cent of the business; whereas the chains, with only 21 per cent of the stores, were winning 41.3 per cent of the trade. This means that the average independent store had an annual sales volume of \$17,380; the average chain store a volume of \$45,997.

In the face of the chain-store menace the old-time grocer was at first confused and helpless. He was at a loss how to meet this highly organized form of competition, against whose dreadful efficiency he began to make what appeared to be a losing fight. Latterly, however, he is more hopeful; he is beginning to accept the challenge of the chains and to make a more spirited and often effective resistance. This change in his mood is the result of several factors.

For one thing, he has been gaining the support of public opinion. The corner grocer, together with other independent merchants, has recently found a champion in the owner of a Shreveport radio station, who has made charges of sharp practice against chain-store managers and salesmen. With sonorous inelegance he has denounced the chain stores as the enemies of our economic freedom. His influence has been far from negligible. Unexpectedly, his reckless vehemence has stirred up anti-chain sentiment somewhat all over the country, but particularly in the South. There his propaganda has been so effective that the multi-stores admit a noticeable falling off in their trade.

Other champions have taken up the cudgels in defense of the small merchant. Seizing a popular issue, Southern politicians have attempted to curb the multi-store by means of legislation. On February 20 of this year Representative Jones, of Texas, presented to Congress a bill to put the chain stores under State laws, regardless of their inter-State character. Following the same trend, the Capper-Kelly price-fixing bill seeks to deny to chain stores the right to cut prices on nationally advertised goods. Last March the Kentucky legislature passed a bill, since declared unconstitutional, which was obviously directed at the multi-stores. It provided that on a \$400,000 sales volume a store should pay a tax of a twentieth of one per cent. On sales volumes over this amount the tax climbs up sharply, until on a million-dollar volume it is twenty times as high. And here is the nub of the matter: a holding company for a number of stores must pay a tax based upon the combined sales volume of all its stores in the State of Kentucky.

Another piece of discriminatory legislation was made in Indiana. A bill was enacted which established a license tax of \$3.00 for a single store, and a tax of \$25.00 for each store where there were more than twenty in a chain. This law, too, was beaten in the Federal courts. In

Georgia, the legislators tried to get around the unconstitutionality of such laws by levying a tax of two mills on gross sales over \$30,000. Here again the dice are loaded against the chain stores, because eighty-five per cent of the merchants of Georgia have less than \$30,000 a year in gross sales, and consequently escape the tax. Altogether, more than sixty anti-chain bills have been considered by various State legislatures; about twenty-five have been enacted into laws. The movement has not come to an end.

But legislative action alone will not save the independent merchant—specifically, the corner grocer. If he is to survive, he must meet the chain-store competition squarely. Lately he has found out that he really can do it. He has been learning some lessons from the chain stores themselves, and now it begins to look as if eventually he might even better the instruction.

In his fight against the chains the independent grocer has a two-fold problem: how to buy cheap, and how to sell efficiently. Toward the solution of both phases he has been helped by the forming of cooperative groups called voluntary chains.

The idea of such voluntary groups is not a brand-new one. As far back as 1906 seven merchants of San Francisco formed "The United Grocers, Inc." H. L. Sorensen, secretary of the organization, says that it now has over 500 members and that its annual purchasing volume is in excess of \$6,000,000. It buys collectively and uses its own warehouses as points of distribution. The member merchant pays an initiation fee of \$25.00. For \$50.00 he buys one share of capital stock, whose ownership entitles him to one vote. He is required to make a cash deposit of \$250.00. His monthly dues for overhead expenses are \$7.50. Besides, he pays small warehouse charges added to the cost as from the manufacturer and graduated according to the turnover. Thus, on a popular brand of cheese the retailer pays one per cent; on French sardines he pays as high as twelve per cent. The terms of payment are cash seven days after invoice. If a member lets his bill run over the seven-day limit, he pays a penalty of one per cent.

The San Francisco plan is now but one of many. G. C. Corbaley, president of the American Institute of Food Distribution, estimated a year ago that there were as many independent grocers organized as there were chain stores. Retailers, on their own initiative, have formed associations whose membership varies from ten to several hundred. The smaller, local groups deal with jobbers virtually on a cash basis—they pay their bills once a week. The jobbers give them from ten to twenty per cent discount, enabling them to buy sometimes even cheaper than the local chain store. The retailers take turns getting stock from the freight car or from the warehouse and delivering it to the member grocers. They meet once a week, to decide on the goods to be purchased, on the selling features and loss leaders for the next week, and on the details of the newspaper advertising which they intend to carry.

The functioning of larger voluntary chains I purpose to sketch briefly in another paper.

Mary Kate Writes Betty Harris

CATHAL O'BYRNE

IT is summer time in Ireland, and this is Kilbeggan and the blue sky over it. And a cloudless blue it is, the blue of a drowsy murmurous, sunny summer day.

As I have said this is Kilbeggan I will let it stand, but we, my mother and I, are out at Aunt Rose's for the week end, at the Mill Farm, as her house is called, and the town of Kilbeggan is five miles of clover bloom and golden buttercups away. From the top of the high, green knoll at the foot of Aunt Rose's orchard you can see to the southward Killbeggan's one church spire, flashing white against the sky, for all the world, as my mother said when she first climbed to see it, like the bright wing of a bird in the blue of the air.

I am writing at a table set beside the open window in Aunt Rose's wide kitchen. What was earlier in the day a brisk turf fire is now a heap of white ashes on the hearth. Where I sit my back is turned to a great dresser, which occupies the whole of the wall space behind me, and is covered with rows and rows of shining blue and white willow-pattern delft. The great, wide, low-ceiled kitchen is in shadow, but my mother is sitting where the streak of yellow light from the open door lies along the huge red-sandstone flags of the floor. She is shelling beans into a copper basin, and the "ping" of them as they fall from their velvet-lined pods, the tick-tock of a solemn "wag-at-the-wall" clock, and the drone of a big brown-and-golden-striped bumble bee among the roses outside the window, are the only sounds to be heard.

Through a leafy screen of ivy and clematis I have a full view of the orchard, its heavily laden trees, a reach of broad river where it lies like sheeted gold above the weirs, a stretch of winding hill road, white and dusty and hedge-bordered, a corner of the kitchen garden, where the sulphur moths are weaving endless chains above the gooseberry brushes, and a gray cat is abroad among the cabbages.

So, there's the picture for you, and here I am sitting pretending to be writing, but just dreaming and thinking, thinking of what you'll be asking. Well, then, of yourself, Betty Harris. Of yourself kissing your little Irish mother "Good-bye" on the doorstep, and racing off to get eight o'clock Mass at Ninety-seventh street, then dashing down the Subway stairs at Ninety-sixth street, and tearing away for dear life, rattling and screeching (I mean the train, of course) down through the rocky bowels of your, oh, so noisy, but well-beloved and truly great and grand New York City.

New York of the Noises and the Mill Farm at Kilbeggan! What a contrast! The rush and the roar of the great city's traffic, with its millions of hurrying people, its flashing cars and rattling trains, and the quaint, rambling, sleepy, old house with its warm brown thatch, its sturdy lime-white walls, its silent mill wheel and tumble-down mill—all fallen to ruin in the midst of its green nest—lying half-buried under its leafy screen in the murmurous shade of woven beechen boughs. Aunt Rose's merry laugh recalls me from my dreaming. She and old An-

thony are engaged at the back of the house, close to my open window, tying up some rambler roses that have grown top heavy. Old Anthony is Aunt Rose's gardener, majordomo, factotum, man-of-all-work and never-ending source of fun all in one. He is a little, old, weazened man with a face as brown as a berry, sea-blue eyes that hold a whole world of humor and lint-white hair that once was a fiery red. He is a "foreigner," that is, he comes from the County of Mayo in the West, and is a "stranger," although resident for forty years in Kilbeggan of the Midlands.

Through making a "mixed marriage," it was, he will tell you, that brought him so far inland, so many weary miles away from the sea and his beloved Mayo. Now, if it was to think you did that by his making a "mixed marriage" old Anthony had married a non-Catholic, your surmise would be altogether wrong. Nothing of that kind at all, at all. But, if he, a sea-born man from the West, and one with the Gaelic as ready to his tongue as the Beurla (English), ay, and maybe more so, if he, marrying a Kildare woman—a girl of the FitzGerald she was, born and reared on the rolling plains of the Curragh and knowing nothing of the sea—so, if a Gaelic-speaking man from Mayo marrying a woman of the Midlands and she with never a word of the Irish, well, if that wouldn't constitute a "mixed marriage" old Anthony would feel obliged to you if you could tell him what would.

Outside my window Aunt Rose's tongue is going merrily. There is laughter and fun in her voice. "I suppose 'tis busy you were this morning praying to your patron saint" (today is June the thirteenth, by the way).

"I was not, then." There is evident satisfaction in the tone of the old man's voice.

"You were not!" Aunt Rose is leading him gently along. "And isn't St. Anthony your patron saint?"

"Ay." The old man's answer is sadly lacking in any kind of enthusiasm. "Ay, maybe he is, but I don't be bothering them new-fangled saints much. I just keep praying to the one, and he is a saint, out and out. There's not one in the wide world could deny that."

"And which of the saints is in such favor with you, if one might ask?" Aunt Rose's inquiry sounds honest enough.

"To be sure, you may ask, and welcome; 'tis the Good Thief, then," he answers, and from where I sit I can see, through the trellis of greenery, his blue eyes twinkle merrily, "and not that I would be casting any doubts on the rest of the saints, God forbid that I would even think of the like, but there's no shadow of doubt about him, for he was made a saint by Our Blessed Lord Himself, and, with all due respect to the others, he's the saint for me."

Old Anthony, being a gardener, like a true son of the First One, spends all the long summer days from dawn until dark in the open air. "There will be the long winter nights for the fireside," he will tell you, and when they do come, with the hollow wind howling around the thick walls, and moaning in the leafless trees above the thatch, when the swollen river races through the sluices of the weed-laden weirs, and all outdoors seems a purple mystery in the soft blue haze of the wintry rain, then

it is that the old man, seated in the inglenook beside the blazing turf fire, easily puts aside his ordinary avocation, and becomes the entertaining *shanachie*, or story teller, which seems his true one, and I am sure that it is scarcely necessary to tell you that the locale of his legends and stories is invariably laid within the borders of his beloved Mayo.

An inexhaustible store of tales and poems and hymns and old traditional songs he has. Handed down in his family—the O'Connors of Cahir-na-Mort—they have been from generation to generation. But, above all, of one thing he seems never to tire assuring his hearers, and that is—that his mother knew the old Gaelic poet and musician, Blind Raftery. Once Aunt Rose read to him the story of the old blind poet as told by a popular novelist. The scorn in his voice was a thing to remember.

"*Rameis*," (nonsense) he snorted, "Raftery was never married, and he was a decent man to the end of his days. He never took up with any woman, much less with one of them heathen foreigners. He never made songs for the likes of her. 'Tis often I heard my own mother say, God be good and kind to all Christian souls, that Raftery was a good, poor creature who always was on the side of them that were down, and that no man or woman breathing ever heard the wrong word out of his mouth. What does he (meaning the novelist) know of the Mayo poet who lived before he was born? Nothing at all, I'm telling you, and it isn't a good thing to be telling lies on them that's dead and gone, and where God pleases. Let me tell you that. Raftery, God be good and kind to him, was from my own place, near Killedan, and 'twas there he made the fine songs and the sweet lively airs. On Killedan itself he made a song, and on the Pearl that was at Ballylee, a beautiful young girl that was, who died in her young youth when the flower of her beauty was in full bloom. A great poet he was, and a decent poor man. That was Raftery, may God reward him."

A deeply religious man, old Anthony has a fine share of old prayers and litanies and hymns, mostly in the Gaelic. Of one of the latter he is extremely fond. Because, as he puts it, "of the taste that is on its beautiful language." He calls it "The Offering," and to you, Betty Harris, I am sending a translation of it as a peace offering for my long silence. I know you will be glad to have a copy of it for your little Irish mother, and, indeed, for yourself. Here it is:

THE OFFERING

I offer Thee—

Every flower that ever grew,
Every bird that ever flew,
Every wind that ever blew,

Good God!

Every thunder rolling,
Every church-bell tolling,
Every leaf and sod.

LAUDAMUS TE!

I offer Thee—

Every wave that ever moved,
Every heart that ever loved
Thee, Thy Father's well-beloved,
Dear Lord!

Every river dashing,
Every lightning flashing,
Like an Angel's sword.

BENEDICIMUS TE!

I offer Thee—
Every cloud that ever swept
O'er the skies, and broke and wept
In rain, and with the flowerets slept.
My King!
Each communicant praying,
Every angel staying
Before Thy throne to sing!

ADORAMUS TE!

I offer Thee—
Every flake of virgin snow,
Every spring the earth below,
Every human joy and woe,
My Love!
O Lord! and all thy glorious

Self, o'er death victorious,
Throned in Heaven above!
GLORIFICAMUS TE!

Take all of them, O dearest Lord,
In Thy Blessed Sacrament loved, adored,
Multiply each and every one,
Make each of them into millions—
Into glorious millions,
Into gorgeous millions,
Into golden millions—
Of Glorias, glorious Son!
And then, O dear Lord, listen,
Where the tabernacles glisten,
To those praises, Holiest One.

And, so, dear friend, with that I put my seven thousand blessings on you. May you never know one troubled thought, and may all that your heart would have be yours while life lasts—and heaven after.

Your friend,

MARY KATE MORRISSEY.

The Revival of Latin

HILAIRE BELLOC

(Copyright, 1930)

I WONDER how far I shall carry any opinion with me when I plead for active effort to revive the general use of Latin?

It has always seemed to me one of those necessary reactions without which we shall be unable to reestablish the unity of Christendom. The longer we defer making the effort the harder the effort will become, yet it is hardly more than 200 years since Latin was still the common medium of understanding on serious matters among Europeans, and not 300 years since it was the necessary medium for discussion on subjects common to all nations.

It was not replaced by the French as a diplomatic language till after the middle of the seventeenth century. It was in general use in Eastern Europe, especially in Hungary, in Poland and the Lower Danube districts, till much later. Even during the Great War one important international speech was made in Latin at the moment when the Bulgarians threw in their lot with the Prussian Reich under the certitude that it would come out victorious.

The problem presented is simply this: There is a common civilization, abominably warped by the religious revolution called the Reformation, but still in the main one thing. There is another name for it. It used to be called Christendom; it is now sometimes vaguely called "the white races," or, more exactly, Europe. At any rate there is one unmistakable thing which, in spite of a badly diseased and divided social civilization, is still in the main the common descendant of the old Christian culture. Its dress, its manner of living, its main social ideas, are the same.

Intercommunication between its various parts is absurdly interrupted by profound differences of idiom. The different national languages are thus separated precisely because there used to be a common medium, and it was

therefore thought unimportant to preserve unity by means of the vernacular. Latin was the common language and the bond between all men of European stock.

The necessity of some common language is seen in the fantastic attempts to create one artificially. You will find enthusiasts for stuff like Esperanto, which is about as much like a human language as a jig-saw puzzle is like a living face. Such enthusiasts seem never so much as to have heard that Latin was for century after century the common living tongue of our race. It enshrined half the greatest of our literature, nearly all our traditions, all our religion—yet no one has a word to say for it as an international medium!

There was a moment when it looked as though French would take the place of Latin, at any rate with cultivated people, but the growth of an exasperated nationalism, the vast expansion of the New World, and the victories of Prussia during the nineteenth-century wars, have made that impossible. It would have been better than the chaos in which we now live, but a poor substitute for Latin save in this, that French is a living language.

It is, by the way, just as well for the French that the thing did not happen, because nothing is worse for a local language or for the nation that speaks it, than to be internationalized. We are already seeing the pathetic effects of this on our own nation and speech.

Outside the training of men for the Catholic priesthood, and one or two special areas such as Scotland, Latin became in the West of Europe, after the Reformation, the privilege of the wealthier classes. Today it is not even that. But the fact that it was once so has, I believe, done a great deal to prejudice people against it. The prejudice has some foundation in reason; for if Latin were indeed to be the test of an expensive education, then, since only

a small and wealthy class could afford to know it, the mass of men would have good right to protest against its use, for they would thus be entirely cut off from public discussion.

There has further grown up in connection with the use of Latin an idea—false, but also natural—that there was something specially difficult about that tongue. "On the contrary, it is the easiest of all foreign languages to learn because it is the most clear and logical, and because so many of our words in all languages are connected with it.

Of all subjects which our modern and dangerous machine for compulsory education insists upon putting into the young, Latin is the one of which they talk least and the one of which they wish to know least. That Latin is more necessary to the plain man than reading the vernacular I won't say, and I think it is not more necessary than to be able to keep very simple accounts. But it is a great deal more necessary than unproved so-called "scientific" theories on health; it is even more necessary than elementary geography, and its general use would make all the difference in the relations between men of different countries.

Today the several Christian nations are quite cut off. There is only one international language, the Judæo-Deutsch, called in English Yiddish; and that is only of service to a comparatively small segregated section of people, and is used more or less secretly. A man brought up to that use in Lithuania will have a common medium wherewith to talk to his brothers in London, Paris or New York—and he uses it. But the Pole who comes to London, Paris or New York has no common medium wherewith to talk to his fellows of the Christian world.

There is only one obstacle to the revival of Latin, and this is, that the idea of it has been allowed to fall out. We are as unused to it today as our immediate forefathers were used to it. We take its absence for granted as they took its presence for granted; and I am persuaded that its revival would be the best scholarly reform we could undertake for re-uniting our imperiled civilization.

WANDERLUST

I have a mind to go and go,
And heed nor wind nor rain;
To leave the crowded city,
And travel hill and plain;
To wander where the streams are,
And the wild winds blow again.

I have a mind to tramp and tramp,
The livelong night and day,
Where little gorse-rimmed bohreens
Wind over hill and brae,
And larks from the purple heather
Shoot to the skies away.

I have a mind to trudge and trudge,
In teeth of wind and snow,
Where be no ceaseless strivings,
Nor ever a task to know,
But the wide, wide world before me,
And the will to go and go!

LIAM P. CLANCY.

Education

Teacher Rating

ELLEN PICKETT

"OH, girls, do tell us something about the teachers you had in high school and college. I am anxious to know how they compared with ours," said a young Miss just out of high school to a group of older girl members of a bridge club and friends of long standing.

"High-school teachers are ancient history, my dear. I can't remember even the names of mine," said Belle McCullough.

"Oh, Belle, you surely never forgot little Miss Brown! Don't you remember all the pet names you used to call her while you had a case on her?" inquired Regina Simms.

"That school-girl nonsense soon leaves one when school days are over," was Belle's reply.

"But every school friendship is not nonsense," persisted Regina. "If it were we would not meet as regularly as we do. Why, this club is the result of friendship we started in high school."

"Granted," said the impatient little Miss who started the talk, "but that's begging the question. I want to know what is the relation generally existing between teachers and pupils, not isolated cases of friendship. What other qualifications has Belle's Miss Brown besides her smallness? What did she teach and how did she teach it?"

"As a teacher, Miss Brown did fairly well. She was a small woman and very appealing in her manner. She taught English, and knew her stuff well enough to teach, but she wasn't very forceful, and if you wanted to shirk, it did not bother her over much. She is my ideal of a negative teacher. She wasn't a 'born' teacher and she didn't have all the hall marks of a made one, but she was fair enough and played no favorites."

"What about the one Aunt Julia remembers so well, the one who could never let her pupils speak to another teacher?"

"That was Miss Jones. She did not know her stuff any too well, but she posed so one would think she knew all there was to be known. I never saw any one else who could do so much on so little. Your Aunt Julia must have liked some other teacher, and that was fatal to success in Miss Jones' class. Once you reached her room, you automatically renounced all your old loves, if you wanted a passing mark at the end of the term. She had two articles of faith. One was no hobnobbing with former teachers and the other no tales out of school."

"She must have been kin to the one I heard Miss Durkin ranting about one day. She did not see me at the bookcase, and she aired her sentiments forcibly about some one who kept her pupils from assembling promptly."

"That was Miss Sommers. She never lost her attraction for her former students. She liked to be in the lime light and enjoyed taking a teacher's class away from her at recess, or at any other time, in public just to show her

popularity. I think she taught well, and apart from this foible she was a pleasant enough person to deal with. I fancy she was not a favorite with the other teachers, and as I see it now, neither she nor Miss Jones did good team work, and I wonder they were tolerated in a school, where so much depends upon unity among the teachers."

"What was Miss Price like?" some one asked.

"She did not do good team work either, but maybe team work is not so essential in the high school as it is in the grades. Miss Price taught well. I don't think she knew any more about her subject than she needed to, but she gave conscientiously all the class demanded, and she was always ready to help any one needing coaching. She was polite and considerate, but she never met any one if she could help it. Aloofness was her motto."

"Tell us something about the good ones. All you have named seem rather undesirable. How was Miss Riley?"

"Miss Riley wielded more influence than any other teacher I ever had. She was a lady all the way up and down and in and out. She never, no matter what the provocation, raised her voice. I heard a man who was once a pupil of hers say she was the gentlest woman he had ever known. She was a good teacher. She knew her stuff, and she knew how to use it to the best advantage. Besides, she was a good mixer and had a fine sense of humor and a total lack of pettiness. She was so big that she never gave a thought to the belittling of others."

"What about Miss Ruddy?"

"Miss Ruddy was one of those 'not for sale' teachers. She taught for the pure love of teaching, and she taught the student, not the textbook. No one could bribe her. No gift ever became personal, and she returned all favors done her."

"Who knew Miss Wilson?"

"I did," answered May Fink. "She was unique, I think. She had a good-sized temper, but when it was aroused she kept perfectly still, except for a peculiar kind of quiet ire that you never forgot, if you were the victim of it. She had perfect self-control, and she'd wait indefinitely for silence and order, then calmly keep on teaching the class when the last bell had rung, till all the wasted time was made up. She could give you the nastiest look, too. She must have cultivated that look for she couldn't have come by it naturally. She was a dandy teacher, never bluffed. It never bothered her any to say she didn't know a thing, but she was pretty sure to give you a hint in the next breath how to find it."

"Well," said the little Miss who started the discussion, "I can't see that we are any better off than you were. I hate to do the things I must to get along with my teacher, but I simply must get through this year, and there doesn't seem to be any honest way of doing it. I know I give as good lessons as others in the class, but I didn't make a passing grade the first term, and my dad opened his eyes when he saw my report, and it was an eye-opener to me, too. As the saying is, I got busy, and some questions plus some observation put me wise to the situation, and I began to do what the nit-wits had been doing all the time. Now she gets candy, flowers, books, magazines, and the movies, with a certain amount of

regularity, and my marks have soared in consequence. Mother asked her to dinner at my request, and when she had gone dad said 'Daughter, is that a sample of the high-school teachers we are paying our taxes for? Why, she is a perfect feather-head.' 'She may be,' I said, 'but she is the niece of a member of the school board, and I'd like to see you or any one else throw her out.' Any way, she is an exception. Most of the members of the faculty are splendid men and women, well-educated, cultured, and good teachers trying to wield all the influence their personality and their education command."

"That's true and I wonder how far we are responsible for our teacher's vagaries. Surely in high school, and in college particularly, when we are supposed to have reached the age of reason, their conduct must to some extent at least be a reaction to ours. Like ourselves, they are probably different people as soon as the classroom door is shut behind them, and they are no longer targets for our praise or blame," observed sensible Marie Smith.

"Well, after all the teacher's influence is only one of the factors that figured in the forming of our characters, so there is no reason why all the praise or all the blame should be theirs. Some teachers stand out in our memories, some we barely remember, and of others we have no recollection at all after a few years. Human nature being what it is, maybe the teacher we remember the least may have done us the most good," was Marjory Durham's parting shot as the girls prepared to scatter.

OUT OF THE HEART'S ABUNDANCE

No, I cannot sing Midas' songs,
And he cannot sing mine.
To the heart of Midas
Song brings no anodyne.
Earth and sea entrance him
For the wealth they hold.
Rivers will be beautiful
When they flow with gold.
Midas cannot sing my songs
For all his gold assures.
(O, the song o' the lip is a changeling,
But the song o' the heart endures.
The song o' the lip is a false jade,
But the full heart speaks forthright.)
Now Midas' heart is heavy,
And I know my heart is light.

F. J. McNIFF, S.J.

REGRET

Still I wonder what you said,
But now it is too late to know
Where the bitter thoughts have led
Since my silence made you go.
Here where water iris grow,
Bending each blue shaggy head,
I still wonder what you said,
And now it is too late to know.

When I think that now, instead
Of loneliness beside these slow,
Wide waters, you and I could thread
This night with quiet peace—but oh,
I still must wonder what you said,
Though now it is too late to know.

ELEANORE PERRY ENGELS.

Sociology**Mergers and Then What?**

E. P. TIVNAN, S.J.

FOR some time past I have been intrigued by a branch of indoor sport which has quite upset my fidelity to the pursuit of the crossword puzzle. The new game consists in a comparison between the number of probes and mergers announced in the pages of our daily newspapers. The report, to date, shows a goodly margin in favor of the "probes," but excitement grows as the "mergers" increase in number. My fear is lest the game be spoiled. When the "mergers" reach the goal at which they are evidently aiming, there will not be anything else to merge and who will conduct the "probes"?

Life is so dull that I deplore the passing of my new game. But there is a graver reason. The tendency of the merger proposition is toward the formation of an oligarchy of wealth. Whether or not this be the purpose behind the wholesale amalgamation which is going on in this country, is, of course, uncertain. But this much is true, that, if the present tendency continues, the result is bound to be the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few, an unbalanced condition of affairs which will endanger the security of the country.

"Workmen, you have nothing to lose but your chains," wrote Karl Marx, and the Bolshevik leader, Lenin, made it his appealing slogan to stir up the Russian masses. "You have nothing to lose but your chain-stores," may well be said to all of us in the not distant future.

Reflect upon the situation as it is today. Grocery and provision stores linked together, hundreds of them and group after group being formed. Meanwhile group is being linked to group until eventually we shall probably have a single chain. And the drugstores,—such was once the name, but one scarcely knows what to call them now; drygoods stores, another present-day misnomer; tobacco stores with their endless array of other articles. Pages would be required to complete the list.

Higher up in the scale, each week shows its quota of bank mergers. One wonders if the explanation of the recent Wall Street debacle might not be found here. Are the railroads making ready for the eventual merger?

There is one clear and very determined effort which is being made, and that aims at the control of all the power-producing facilities of the land, by one group of individuals. Once that is achieved, the oligarchy of wealth will be an accomplished fact. The hands that control will be few, but the fingers will reach right down into the pocket of every individual in the country. No item of our daily needs will escape. They who control the power, will control the price. They who fix the price will also fix the salary to be paid the workers. They who pay the laborers can readily influence the laborer's vote. They who wield this power can easily extend it to our legislative halls, State as well as Federal. Reflecting upon the results that are accomplished at present, by lobbying, there is little comfort to be drawn from the thought of a State ruled by an oligarchy of wealth.

This may seem to be a very dark picture and such it is, in truth. But we cannot afford to neglect the study of this picture simply because it does not give us pleasure. Facts are often bitter realities but will not be changed merely because we deplore them.

Appeal to the common sense of the American people which is supposed to be a bulwark against all disaster, is pathetic. Common sense is a phase of thought, and there is little evidence that the average person consumes much time in thinking about the welfare of the country. When the damage has been done, there is much discussion of the ways and means by which it might have been prevented. But such discussions have little of profit, and much vain resentment and discontent is aroused thereby.

The vaunted common sense of the American people does not guard them at the approach of a crisis, nor does it profit them when the crisis is at hand. Only the wilfully blind or inordinately optimistic could have failed to realize what would happen after the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. Common sense did not appear to be a very successful guide then, nor is it much in evidence now in the moral crisis which has been precipitated by that piece of legislation. In the period of inflation after the War, common sense must have been grossly dormant, otherwise the orgy of luxury buying which can only prove fatal, would never have found place.

And now, with what appears to be the most serious of all crises advancing, what will the people of this country do to offset the impending disaster? Will they still continue to send to our legislative halls, men who are respecters of persons and purses? Will they sit idly by while this maelstrom of wealth is gaining force? Does their common sense suggest any means by which the tentacles of this beast may be loosed, once they take hold?

The moral fiber of the nation is going to shreds. Irreligion is abroad and has taken deep root. But we should not be surprised at this when we reflect upon the care which is exercised to exclude all instruction regarding God from the public schools, the while, in our higher institutions of learning, religious training is lacking.

Not thus will the individual or the nation forefend the approaching crisis, or weather the storm when it is upon us. Irreligion in the hearts of the men who will compose the oligarchy of wealth, will cause them to become more neglectful than ever of the rights of the laboring man. And if there be no religion in the heart of the laboring man, the slender respect for authority which still prevails, will snap under the pressure of wrongs, real or imagined.

There are those in high place who smile today, as they have smiled for years, when there is mention of the danger of social revolution. They are not reckoning with the passions of men. They are forgetful of the lessons taught by history, and very recent history at that. They measure power by gold, not thinking of the strength of passion stirred by that same gold. Chains of steel will not bind human passions nor will bullets of steel hold them at bay. Because it is fashioned in love, the sweet yoke of Christ that chafes not nor tears, is the only bond that will restrain men. But Christ will not find place in an oligarchy of wealth.

With Scrip and Staff

IF the Pilgrim comes back for a third time to the Lambeth Conference, it is only because such loud descant is made in the public press on the Lambeth melodies that one can hardly help humming a bit of counterpoint.

The Rt. Rev. Charles Fiske, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Western New York, believes that the Conference's pronouncement on the subject of birth control harmonizes with Christian teaching. Bishop Fiske is an earnest man, who has often spoken a wise and tolerant word. But his article on "The Church and Birth Control," in the November *Atlantic*, reveals what must be scrapped of Christian Faith and morals if even the Lambeth Conference's qualified permission of birth control is to hold. And the Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking in Convocation on November 13, used precisely Bishop Fiske's arguments.

Birth control will probably take the place of the now moribund Prohibition as a means of enabling the State and the organized control groups to tyrannize over an individual's private life. As the propaganda for it grows in force, it will become more and more plain what must be sacrificed to justify a practice so contrary to the natural law. Some of these sacrifices Bishop Fiske indicates in an off-hand way as "serious problems such as the disappearance of cultured families and the choking off of American family life and leadership through foreign [?] fertility. . . its dark side in wild social experiments such as companionate marriage. . . tragic stories of childless (and often, therefore, loveless) homes." But in half-shielding birth control, the Bishop quietly throws overboard the natural law, the teaching function of the Christian Church, the natural function of sex, and the primary ends of matrimony. Surely a considerable cargo to heave over the taffrail in order to make so uncertain a port!

THE natural law is done away with by making more explicit what was already involved in the Lambeth Conference's pronouncement, when it said that "other methods than voluntary abstinence may be used provided this is done in the light of the same Christian principles." Says the Bishop: "In Jesus Christ's teaching emphasis is always placed on the motive of an action, not on the action itself." So, according to this, in the teaching of Christ the end sanctifies the means. If your motive is good, if you have persuaded yourself that your Christian principles are in order, then do not concern yourself about the intrinsic quality of your action. This is just what the Pilgrim pointed out in his former comment on the Lambeth Conference's pronouncements. He is grateful to Bishop Fiske for having made it a little plainer.

That this principle *works*, there is no doubt. The eighteenth-century slave traders of New England, the nineteenth-century mill owners who paid starvation wages to their employes, just as the twentieth-century exploiters of British and French colonial labor, also laid more emphasis on the motive than on the action itself. What is more, they fully persuaded themselves that in so doing, they were acting "in the light of Christian principles," and that they were justified in carrying this light to be-

nighted heathen and Papists, who insisted on looking at actions as they are in themselves, and not as self-interest gilds them. But if anyone thinks this is the teaching of Jesus Christ he need only read what Christ said of those who defrauded the widow and orphan, who practised impurity in secret, or robbed the temple on the plea of sacred principles.

THE espousing of such a principle by estimable, serious-minded churchmen is only the indication of the confused views that prevail on the question of the natural law. What this law means is aptly put by Father Ignatius W. Cox, S.J., in his recent pamphlet, "Birth Control Is Wrong," issued by The America Press:

There are certain actions which are morally evil and wrong independently of the individual conscience and of the Church of God. Conscience does not make these actions evil and wrong; it only discovers their malice. The Church does not make these actions evil and wrong; it only declares their malice. No individual, no group of individuals, not even the Church of God can make such actions good and right. Let me illustrate this by an example. It is an evil and wrong thing to blaspheme God, the Author of man and of all good. Blasphemy by its very nature, hence intrinsically, is altogether contrary to human nature which is and should be entirely dependent upon God. Hence, blasphemy is forbidden by the natural law. For the natural law is the command of God, the Author of nature, written in man's nature and recognized by the light of reason. In virtue of this law man understands the will of the Author of nature commanding him the performance of actions that are in accordance with and suitable to the ends of nature, and forbidding actions which are out of keeping with that nature. This natural law is written in the being of every rational creature and embraces the prohibitions and the implicit commands of the Ten Commandments.

Says the Bishop: "May not 'deciding the problem on Christian principles' justify what so many Christian moralists have long forbidden? The Conference report seems to say so." Certainly; but at the expense of Christian morality, and the substitution of neo-paganism.

THE Bishop tells us, moreover, that "Christ always taught by principle rather than by precept." The sayings of the Sermon on the Mount were never intended to serve as precepts; they state principles. "They do not lay down regulations for individual conduct; they invite search for the truth imbedded in them." Hence the Conference sets a good example in not trying to legislate on a matter which everyone must think out for himself.

Jesus Christ, however, did teach by precept. He taught "as one having authority." He told men plainly what they must and must not do. "Preceptor" is the traditional translation of the title of Rabbi applied by His followers to Our Divine Lord. "A new commandment I give unto you . . ." That Christ substituted for the ritual precepts of the Old Law the spiritual teachings of the New Law does not alter the fact that He taught with authority and demanded unquestioning obedience. "He who heareth you, heareth me." So far was He from destroying the moral precepts of the Old Law that He reminded His hearers: "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." His was to expound and to perfect, but not to contravene, the revealed teachings concerning the natural law.

The fact that Christ taught by precepts, however, does

not mean that He did not also utter counsels. Plain as He made His authority, He also made plain that certain matters were not laid down as matters of obligation for all, but were counsels of higher perfection for those who had the ability to take them. Unwillingness to recognize the difference between commandment and counsel, between the obligatory and optional, which is a logical inheritance of Puritanism, has prepared the way for the confusion of birth-control teaching.

Why, anyway, make an opposition between precepts and principles? True, concrete precepts in particular cases are not principles: such as, close the window, or put the ring on the third finger of the bride's left hand. But every precept of a general nature is a principle, particularly in matters of morals. "Love your neighbor" is just as much a precept as "Keep off the Grass." It is just as peremptory, just as much an expression of higher authority; but it is infinitely wider in its application.

WHEN we ask, however, how the truth inherent in the precept or principle of Christ is to be developed and applied to individual conduct, we find that the Bishop has apparently given up all idea of an authoritatively teaching Church. He remarks (*italics mine*): "I cannot always demand authoritative teaching from without; I must reach *some* decisions through my own hard thinking. *Only so* do I learn to 'do always such things as are right.'" The Christian knows, of course, that he must reach decisions through his own hard thinking, and not through tips, for instance, from Miss Evangeline Adams, and the comets, stars, and crystals. But he also knows that the Church of Christ was not meant merely to be a general conference or discussion club, but an authoritative guide to conduct through the application of general precepts to concrete affairs. And, since it is obviously beyond the power of man to make all such applications successfully by his own unaided wits, Christ promised the Church the abiding help of the Holy Ghost.

If birth control is to be saved only by denying the teaching function of the Church, it means that birth control is simply incompatible with Christianity.

THE most popular argument for birth control (which always supposes birth control to be used alone by good married people) is given by Bishop Fiske under the plea that it is sometimes the only way that a wife can afford her husband peace of mind, or a husband can convince his wife of his affection. For instance, his fine literary work may be impaired by her obstinacy in wishing to raise a family, and encumber the house with children, who will cry out untowardly, or play with his typewriters. Injury to health might ensue, says the Most Rev. Dr. Lang.

No one will deny that the Creator in sanctioning the life union of man and wife intends them to do all they can consistently with the marriage relation itself to confer happiness one on the other. If they choose to make one another spiritually more contented by abstaining from some of the functions of that relationship, they still act in accordance with the relation of matrimony. But the

marriage relationship is not established that they may seek one another's peace of mind *in spite of* that relationship; or, to be more exact, by the actual destruction of the chief function of that relationship. But that is just what they do if they practise contraception in order to confer on each other peace of mind.

WRITING in *Scribner's* for November, Katharine Fullerton Gerould shows the state of mind that leads people to forget the true function of marriage:

The great social value of the indissoluble marriage lies in its forcing people to do the best they can with an imperfect situation. The great mass of Americans, however, do not consider marriage indissoluble; and have breathed in from the circumambient air the notion that they have a right, in marriage, to perfect happiness. Most of them have no idea, really, of what constitutes happiness in a permanent relation. What they hope for, presumably, is the maintaining of the first ecstasy of "falling in love."

To sacrifice under the specious plea of furthering the good estate of matrimony, the very basis of matrimonial happiness and that mutual aid of which the Episcopalian Prayer Book speaks (quoting the old Catholic teaching) is simply another illustration of Mr. Chesterton's drastic simile of cutting off the little boys' heads in order to fit the hats to their crowns.

THE PILGRIM.

THE PLOUGH

Quoth he whose word
I overheard
While even here, in strange
Ear-reach of Grange:
"Thus, children, came to hand
The name on our townland." . . .

"Gloom," said Air,
"Take Wind, the mare,
And harrow up yon cloud
That Fire has ploughed."

Off he sped;
Then Water shed
Bright silverlings o' seed
Behind his lead.

Soon, Shadows mowed;
And load by load
Down yonder crooked lane
Wheeled Charles' Wain.

"Ho, there!" he spoke
The wee Grass-Folk,
"A bumper crop o' dew!
What store have you?"

"Sure, man, we'll bin
It all within
Our sodded grange," said he
Called Timothy. . .

"So Grange—look now!
Behold the Plough
That able Fire speeds
Through silver-weeds!"
And I, neath Slumber's night,
Gazed up with childhood's sight.

FRANCIS CARLIN.

Literature

How to Collect a Library

FRANCIS TALBOT, S.J.

THE above title is plagiarized from one of those delightful essays which the former Literary Editor, Father Walter Dwight, used to write so superbly. Should any of our newer friends wish to read Father Dwight's essay instead of wasting time on this, they will find it by turning to the back numbers of *AMERICA*, January 1, 1916, Volume XIV, page 281. The only excuse for taking up the subject again is the fact that some new information on the subject has been discovered by the present, though unworthy, incumbent of Father Dwight's position.

It should be noted, in the first place, that the title assumes that a library should be collected. The implication is that this library should be personal and individual, or, at least, that of a family. Every teacher of English advocates the collecting of a library, of one's own library, as a hobby or as an aid to education or for decorative effect. In doing so, the teachers are not discriminating against public libraries or circulating libraries or private libraries conducted under religious or academic supervision. These may be used as the need arises; but that each person should have his or her, as the case may be, library is not a question thrown open for debate.

In the second place the title does not specify the nature of the library to be collected. For example, it gives no hint as to whether the books comprising the library should be bound in lavender, emerald or vermilion. It implies nothing as to the sizes of the books comprising the library, whether they be large tomes, monographs or books. But it has a connotation, an underlying suggestion, about the contents of the library. Presumably, anyone who takes the trouble to collect a library would wish to specialize in collecting such books as he finds agreeable or entertaining or valuable; but even in this, I hope to instance an exception that may be a rule.

The most obvious method of collecting a library is that of buying books. Such a method may not be possible, however, in this era of Hoover prosperity. Besides, the method is almost too conventional, too ordinary, far too unromantic, and perhaps, too burdensome. It smacks too much of trade and too little of literature. For the sake of the completeness of the record, as to the means of collecting a library, I mention it and pass on.

One means of gathering a library by purchase, however, should be specified: that of wholesale buying. You yourself have doubtless noticed the dingy stores along the avenue with trays of books prominently displayed; the sign printed by the owner tells you that these books are five, ten or twenty-five cents. At the cost of one good meal, with liquid refreshment, you can buy out a whole stock of books—and there you have collected your library. The canny procedure of one big corporation could well be followed by any individual or amateur collector. This corporation was designing its new suite of offices, terribly magnificent; in one of the rooms, the architect planned a cozy fireplace, and to harmonize with that, some

bookcases. These latter cost several hundred dollars; expenses had to be kept down but the shelves could not be left empty, for that would spoil the effect of the designing. One of the stenographers, though beautiful, cleverly solved the difficulty by purchasing the entire stock of a second-hand dealer for \$15.00.

Another method of collecting a library is that of borrowing. Father Dwight goes into this matter rather thoroughly. He admits that the older moralists regarded this method with stern disapproval. But modern theologians, he asserts, incline to the opinion that the lender of a book is quite as sinful and culpable as the borrower. "Guided by the learning of these moralists," he writes, "many a diligent book borrower of our day is laying the foundation of a noble library, though it must be admitted that, as the number of his volumes grows greater, the number of his friends grows less." This method is quite as ordinary and conventional as that of buying books. But for perfect efficiency, it might be suggested that the borrower make a rule of securing his books from those friends who are extremely polite, those who never allow the slightest sign of irritation to betray itself, those who would be most reluctant about giving offense through a request for the return of the book that had been borrowed. Some people are so ill-mannered that they will actually obstruct the creation of a library by demanding the books that they have loaned. However, the borrower may retort that a book worth borrowing is a book worth keeping.

Though less polite than borrowing from one's friends, the method of borrowing from a public library is a most popular way of gathering a good library. The director of a library may complain, as does Director Belden, of Boston. He states: "The Boston Public Library had a net loss of about 11,000 or 12,000 stolen books last year (1929), a third being taken from the Copley Square building and the rest from the thirty-one branches." The zeal of collecting a library, I fear, is not so intense as it used to be; for he adds: "The thefts are not so large as in the years immediately following the War." Still, the desire remains, since "they (to use his own crude word: *thefts*) still average about thirty a day." It must be sternly insisted that the present writer does not recommend this method of collecting a library. He prefers other ways of getting his books free.

He does not mention with approbation, either, the frequent and ordinary procedure of ordering new books for his library by mail, and of being content with the books without reading the bill. Publishers and book dealers do not favor such library collectors who constitute a peculiar species of bookworms. Publishers have more trouble with these than they do with another class of enthusiastic collectors of libraries. A specimen appears in a recent number of the *Publishers' Weekly*. The paragraph is entitled: "Beware!" It reads:

Rev. Lawrence Bogle of Winston-Salem, N. C., is again writing to the booktrade for samples or for books. Mr. Bogle is a retired minister who has a mania for collecting books by mail, and a card to a Philadelphia publisher from Winston-Salem, dated October 1st, shows that he has not relinquished his hobby. The trade should be on the lookout for such requests, which have been found, in the past, most unprofitable.

If my memory serves me correctly, I recall a similar warning sent out to the trade, a year or two ago, against a Sister who was earnestly striving to build up a good library.

Not so clever, but, in general, more profitable is the frank mendicant method. This consists in a direct appeal to the publishers for free copies of all their books. It is used almost entirely for collecting semi-private libraries for school or social agencies; it has seldom been found effective for individual, personal libraries. The basis of the request may be varied: for example, the lack of endowment for the library, the poverty of the school, the great pleasure the readers derive from books, the hope of advertising the other publications of the firm, the desire of the writer to cooperate with the publisher by relieving him of surplus stocks and giving him more storage space, and the like. Though publishers do insist that they are engaged in an industry and not in a charity, they may sometimes patronize and encourage the collector of a library by sending some free books.

An article, also in the *Publishers' Weekly*, entitled "How to Sell More Books" contains a suggestion that may be taken up by professional men who wish to gather a library. I can do no better than quote:

Lend one or two copies of every religious, medical, business, scientific or similar book written in a popular style to some local authority on the subject, asking him to render an opinion on it, explaining that if it is good you would like to feature it. Many times ministers will preach about it, doctors prescribe it, and business men recommend it.

Many doctors will respond handsomely to the suggestion that they prescribe books. This is especially true of psychiatrists, pediatricians and those having patients requiring certain diets, such as diabetic patients for the sale of "diabetic manuals."

The plan is offered to ministers, doctors, etc., for what it is worth. By demanding a copy of each book preached about or prescribed, they may quickly collect a reputable library.

Our younger generation boasts of its freedom from convention, of its emancipation, of all, in a word, that we elders call bad manners. This habit of utter frankness can be used to great advantage by any young person desiring to aggregate a personal library. Since the unconventional younger generation is predominantly feminine, I shall depart from the usual use of "he" in the following suggestions. The young lady who is to graduate might write as follows to all her friends: "I am sure you intend to give me a present at my graduation. Please don't make it a vanity case, for I have enough to last me until I become a great grandmother. And don't send a fountain pen, for I use the typewriter very well. If you don't mind, send me a book. In order to avoid duplication, check off the one you prefer on the enclosed list. Postscript. Don't forget to return the list." At the time of marriage, she could make a similar suggestion on the plea that she has the "noziest, nookiest little bookcases" for her living room. Christmas comes once a year, and the young emancipateds might frankly speak their minds on their ambition to collect a library. Or they might issue invitations to a "book party," (like the old "box parties"?) to which the guests would come, each bearing a book. Such meth-

ods as these could be used with great effect, depending, of course, on the ingenuity of the collector.

Authors, I am told, are helpful to one who is gathering, not a mere library, but a library of autographed books. Almost any author will send, on request, an autographed set of his complete works, especially if the writer makes it clear that he has had a hobby ever since he was a child of collecting autographed books. The author will be honored by such requests and the collector will be profited. This method, however, is far from infallible in its results.

William Lyon Phelps, whose genial comment on things literary is so illuminating, may be quoted in conclusion. In a small folder entitled "A Private Library All Your Own," he counsels in his usual sage and perspicacious way: "Every one should begin collecting a private library in youth; the instinct of private property, which is fundamental in human beings, can here be cultivated with every advantage and no evils." He offers three bits of advice: "In getting any book, get the complete edition of that book . . . Second, always get books in black, clear, readable type . . . Third, get volumes that are light in weight . . ." Professor Phelps, of course, is writing of those who buy books; but the recommendations would apply equally well to the other methods of collecting a library.

REVIEWS

Wolsey. By HILAIRE BELLOC. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$5.00.

To call Mr. Belloc's latest study a masterpiece may seem like having recourse to a mere conventional phrase, but that is the only adequate expression of the merit of this book. "Wolsey" is an addition of surpassing excellence to Mr. Belloc's "Marie Antoinette," "Danton," and "Robespierre." It is the equal of "Richelieu," though it can hardly be said to excel that portrait. Seldom is such a combination of the "art" and "science" of history found united. The whole work indicates thorough and painstaking scholarship; while the eleven supplementary notes are exemplars of lucidity and careful research. The arrangement of the biography is unconventional; and that adds to the interest of the book. Part I presents a vivid picture of the European scene upon the eve of the Reformation; and the "character sketches" are especially brilliant and illuminating. Those who affect a patronizing attitude towards Belloc's work, dismissing him airily as a mere "Papal propagandist," might read with profit his utterly candid exposé of the abuses and scandals which defaced the Church during this sad epoch. It is needless to commend the style. This may be noted, however, without losing a single degree of his brilliance, Mr. Belloc writes with more restraint than in certain of his earlier works. There is an absence of the note of aggressive dogmatism which marked and sometimes marred a number of passages in former works. There is also no humor in "Wolsey"; and this seems a clear gain. Mr. Belloc's attempts in that direction are not always happy. But there is wit in abundance. The description of Anne Boleyn is perhaps the most brilliant literary passage in the entire work. The general reader will be thrilled and illuminated by the account of the rise, decline, and fall of the great Cardinal while the professional scholar will gain much aid in that most difficult of tasks, "the interpretation of history." It hardly seems too strong praise to call "Wolsey" a work of genius. It bids fair to become the classical biography of the Cardinal. It is especially recommended to those who regard all history as dull, confounding it with chronology and the torpid exposition of musty documents. Perhaps even Mr. Ford might modify his verdict upon Clio should he read "Wolsey." L. K. P.

The Life Story of Brigham Young. By SUSAN YOUNG GATES. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$5.00.

The authoress of this book is a daughter of Brigham Young, and is therefore a highly sympathetic biographer. According to her experience and way of thinking Brigham Young was a matchless leader, a faultless husband, an ideal father. That he was a forceful character, eminently endowed with unusual ability in the intelligent ruling of men, and gifted with exceptional capacity for administration, can scarcely be questioned. The accomplishments of his career undoubtedly manifest both. As the leader of a people who were molested by their neighbors, persecuted by mobs, murdered by a disorderly populace, and driven into banishment by government officials, Brigham Young displayed traits of courage and foresight that are unique in the annals of American pioneer life. Amid all the varied uncertainties, dangers, and cruelties that for years surrounded and pursued him and his people he remained constantly and vigorously true and loyal to his country and its flag. His peculiar religious belief—apparently an unshakable conviction with him—especially its injunction to practice "plural marriage," was the ceaseless irritant that stirred his neighbors to militant resistance against him and his people. By a seemingly masterful providence, harmony reigned among his wives, love among his children, peace and unity blessed his family and associates. In many things the prosperity of ancient patriarchal days seemed to have returned, and did we not have the injunction of the Great Master, Christ Himself, to direct us, "But from the beginning it was not so" we might, by the reading of this laudatory recital of the prayerfulness and seeming sanctity of Brigham Young be misled into the false belief and practice that was his. For his courage, perseverance and abounding optimism we cannot but admire him; for his religious peculiarities he may be personally blameless; with his eccentric religious beliefs and practices we can have neither sympathy nor share. M. J. S.

Mary's Assumption. By RAPHAEL V. O'CONNELL, S.J. New York: The America Press. \$1.50.

The purpose of this latest work from the pen of Father O'Connell is "to set forth the foundations on which the belief in Mary's crowning glory rests." To vindicate the Catholic belief that Our Blessed Mother is in Heaven in body as well as in soul, the writer reviews the past in history and in theology. He first proves the fact of Mary's death and burial. Thereafter, having defined the Assumption, he searches tradition, both in the Latin and Greek Church, the liturgy, Holy Writ and even reason itself for substantiation of this belief. The book is solidly theological and yet the reading is not at all heavy. Father O'Connell's style is clear and is a fine vehicle of his thought. There is much unction, too, in the book, so that one closes it not only knowing more about Our Blessed Mother but having been drawn to a deeper appreciation and love of her. B. T. G.

Royal Charles: Ruler and Rake. By DAVID LOTH. New York: Brentano's. \$4.00.

A decidedly fascinating family was that of the Stuarts; without them on the throne of England, modern biography would be lacking a most glamorous succession of subjects to portray. Charles II experienced all the tragedy and all the glory, all the exaltation and all the misery of his family, except that of having his head chopped off. He was born in a palace and educated in royal state; he was, as a boy, on the sidelines of a civil war, and, still a boy, was a wanderer without a throne; his royal father was executed and his queen mother was an exile. He himself was homeless, penniless and a refugee. He attempted to gain his throne, through Scottish aid; he was virtually a prisoner whose chief occupation was singing psalms in the Calvinistic mode, vocalizing prayers for others to hear, and shouting out that he was a terrible sinner. When his incursion into England failed, he was rescued by the persecuted Catholics who had made an art of concealing themselves from their bloodthirsty compatriots. Again in exile, and more desperate than ever, he was suddenly catapulted to the throne, where he lived happily, despite minor circumstances, ever

after, and received the Sacraments before he peacefully died, to the sorrow of his people. Charles had all the bad habits and criminal traits of a polished gentleman; but he also was very much the King in his soul and his character. He lied magnificently, schemed cleverly, played the superb hypocrite, loved promiscuously and brazenly, and in general was a thoroughly bad man in a moral way. But his affability, quick tongue, good humor, balanced judgment, appreciation of virtue, as that of his wife, humanness and natural dignity endeared him to those of his Court. His excesses and those of the Restoration period were the natural reaction to the Cromwellian reign of iron. In his treatment of the Scottish and English Puritans, as in that of the Catholic aspects, Mr. Loth follows the correct and true historical tradition. His comments on Titus Oates and his conspiracy are as sharp and incisive as a Catholic historian would write. He is also most sympathetic to Charles' secret leanings towards Catholicism. In these historical matters, then, Mr. Loth is to be commended. But his biography bears out the subtitle, and as such leaves the nauseous taste of all records of unrestrained lasciviousness. F. X. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Bible Studies.—Of all the books in the New Testament possibly the one least familiar to the average Catholic is the last. That this should be so is not unnatural, since it is probably the most mysterious book in the whole Bible and so full of symbolic representation as to lend itself to a variety of interpretations. On the other hand, inasmuch as it affords a typical description of the attacks of paganism on the religion of Christ for all time, and is otherwise rich in dogmatic and ascetic teaching, it ought to be more popular. In "The Apocalypse of St. John" (Herder. \$1.35) Robert Eaton offers a simple exposition of each chapter of the great book that should serve to acquaint our laity with the inspired word. The text of each chapter is given, and there is sufficient explanation and comment not to burden the reader while at the same time affording him sufficiently adequate information as to the meaning St. John intended to convey and the Church's teaching regarding it.

What did St. Paul teach about the Church, the Divinity of Christ, the Holy Eucharist, Our Lord's second coming, and kindred important Catholic doctrines? A series of lectures delivered at Aberdeen, 1928-1929, under the auspices of the C. T. S. of Scotland, attempted to answer these questions, and the Rev. C. Lattey, S.J., has edited and gathered together the papers under the title "St. Paul and His Teachings" (Herder. \$1.35). The personnel of the lecturers and the scholarly handling of their subjects, which indicates on the part of each of them a wide familiarity with Pauline theology, makes the volume one that will be most helpful to the clergy and seminarians as well as to those who may have to meet objections that Protestant controversialists profess to draw from St. Paul regarding Catholic dogmas.

An edition for general use by Catholic young folk of the Douay version of the Old Testament has been prepared by Mother Mary Eaton under the title "The Bible Beautiful" (Longmans. \$1.20). The volume contains the entire history of the Jewish people from the Creation to the Machabees with copious extracts from the Psalms, the Prophets, and the Sapiential books. While passages obviously unsuited for the young are omitted, the volume is not a mere Bible paraphrase, but actually reproduces the text. There are maps and copious notes to aid the reading, though many will find that the solid print running through so many pages may tend to frighten away those for whom the book was intended, rather than to invite their reading of it.

Rufus M. Jones in "The Boy Jesus and His Companions" (Macmillan. \$1.00) narrates for non-Catholic youngsters not yet in their teens the chief events in Our Lord's life. Eliminating all doctrinal and dogmatic teachings, but writing in a sympathetic spirit, he tells children the New Testament stories of Christ interestingly and pointedly. Liberties are, of course, taken with the Gospel text, but the purpose and method of the book readily justify it. A number of illustrations in the manner of old wood cuts add to the interest of the story.

Helps to Holiness.—Without in any sense minimizing Divine justice, God's punishment for wrong-doing, or Christ's infinite hatred of sin, the Rev. A. Galy, S.M., writes a most encouraging and consoling volume, which the Rev. J. M. Lelen translates into English on the tender mercy of Christ towards transgressors. "The Friend of Sinners" (Benziger. \$1.50) is the presentation of one phase of Our Divine Lord's character which the Gospel story emphasizes to bring out the meaning and extent of Divine mercy. Not the least interesting parts of the volume are the opening chapter, which is an essay on Divine mercy; the closing chapter, a plea for confidence; a chapter explaining the Scriptural texts which seem out of harmony with the doctrine of God's infinite mercy to sinners; and the informative footnotes scattered here and there throughout. The book should do an amount of good especially to those who are anxious about the possibility or actuality of their sins being forgiven.

If one realizes that "The Perfect Law of Liberty" (1111 Forty-first Street, LaGrange, Ill. \$2.50), by Jane Payne McCormick, is not meant to be a strictly scientific theological treatise and consequently makes allowance for the occasional inexact, inaccurate, and vague presentation of certain Catholic doctrines, he will find no little valuable information and spiritual inspiration in the book. On the basis that man is made for happiness, the author studies the outstanding religions and philosophies and proves that none of them affords genuine happiness but Catholic Christianity. She then discusses the Church's Creed and principal practices. The book evidences much reading and research and touches a wide variety of topics. Some of them are handled in a very practical way. One regrets, however, that there is no index to facilitate the reader's going back on what has been read. Obviously, too, the book has been long in the making, for the latest marriage legislation to which reference is made is that of 1908.

"Jesus and Mary" (Herder. \$2.00) is a sermon volume by the Rev. A. M. Skelly, O.P., offering a series of discourses on various phases of Christology and Mariology. Like his other conferences and addresses, these sermons are both orderly and practical and they can serve as helps for the busy pastor, or as readings, or even as meditation material, for the devout laity. Especially notable are a series on the Seven Last Words, and a number of sermons dealing with various phases of Our Lord's Passion. An index adds to the usefulness of the volume as a reference to the many topics introduced for exposition and discussion.

New Volumes in Old Series.—The first of all the mysteries of Christianity furnishes the content of the fourth volume in "The Treasury of the Faith Series" (Macmillan. 75c each). In "The Blessed Trinity" the Most Rev. Richard Downey discusses the Catholic dogma and mystery of one God in Three Persons each subsisting distinct in the same identical Divine Nature. His presentation covers all phases of Trinitarian theology, and, while necessarily highly technical, is stated with sufficient clarity and orderliness for the educated Catholic layman to grasp. In the same series the Rev. B. V. Miller treats "The Eucharistic Sacrifice." It is a simple exposition and justification of the dogma of the Mass to show that it is a sacrifice and to set forth what that assertion means and implies. After explaining the teaching of Scripture and Tradition regarding the Holy Sacrifice, the author sketches the history of the attacks upon the Mass and discusses the more important speculative questions relating to how the notion of sacrifice is verified in the Mass.

Continuing the series, "The Catholic Library of Religious Knowledge," announcement is made of the publication of the fifteenth of the 100 projected volumes, "The Church of the Early Centuries" (Herder. \$1.35), by Professor Amann, translated by E. Raybould. The volume tells the story of the Church in the pagan Roman Empire and at the dawn of the new Christian States that began with Constantine. The Apostolic activities, the Roman persecutions, the doctrinal controversies, and the Oriental schisms that disturbed the sixth and the seventh centuries are all treated in a brief but scholarly and accurate fashion. The volume makes easy and interesting reading. It is well worth the attention of the student of ecclesiastical history and of Catholic apologetics.

Gentlemen All. Some Trust in Chariots. My Own Far Towers. Rings on Her Fingers. Is No One Innocent?

With his first novel, "Gentlemen All" (Longmans, Green. \$2.00), William Fitzgerald, Jr., proves that he has the talent and the technique of a novelist who can produce significant work. "Gentlemen All" is not only a fine psychological study of a man and his wife, but it is also an examination of a social strata in American life. The story is written in an entertaining, easily readable and dramatic style, but it has the depth and the richness that can come only from the undercurrent of a serious purpose and strong conviction. This is the tale of Colfax Pendleton, who had ambitions and prospects of doing something useful in life; it is the paralleled story of the woman he married, Ethel Taylor, who believed that a Virginia gentleman's highest destiny was that of being rooted on a Virginia plantation. Colfax slowly succumbs, but not without occasional resurgencies of his earlier ambitions to become a great lawyer; he hunts, farms, dines and drinks, especially drinks as do the other country gentlemen, until he is a wreck of a gentleman; and his love for Ethel is frustrated, as are his ambitions, by her cold, righteous, devastating self-assurance. These two characters are carefully etched and contrasted brilliantly; the other characters remain vague, though they do serve to provide a good background. There is exuberance in the style, and a tendency towards lyricism; but these may well be overlooked in a first novel that has so much which may be commended and promises much more in future works.

The modern novel has assumed many strange and interesting forms. Fiswoode Tarleton in his "Some Trust in Chariots" (Dial. \$2.00), offers a study in which the evident sociological and psychological significance fails to destroy either interest or fascination. Combining the scientist's curiosity with artistic enthusiasm, he unravels a splendid story of the hill people, their loyalties and their hates, their fierce taciturnity and the strange power of a silent young man yclept Daniel Boone. Mr. Tarleton bases his novel on the struggle of an idealistic young school teacher from Cleveland whose courage eventually overcomes native ignorance and inertia to convert the mountaineers to a civilization which they despise as foreign. Here is an excellent romance, with several remarkable characterizations and a masterly treatment of dialect. The author of "Bloody Ground" has produced another novel pre-eminently worthy; admirable realism tempered by perfect taste clamors for readers. "Some Trust in Chariots" deserves them and in large numbers.

"My Own Far Towers" (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.00), is in another vein. Written by the ironic Mathilde Eiker and highly praised as a brilliant satire, it is an extremely cantankerous complaint against the demands of a family upon the support of the talented daughter. Lucy Vale is prevented from pursuing a career as an artist by the shiftlessness of a brother and the illness of her parents. Opportunities slip by, filling the young lady with a maddening jealousy towards all those who were more fortunate. There is a good deal of ranting against things as they are, and not a few remarks obviously designed to be clever criticisms of the world in general. Miss Eiker is often repetitious enough to distract one, and the structure of some of her sentences is unbearably cruel.

The tradition of D. H. Lawrence still clings to us. In "Rings on Her Fingers" by Rhys Davies (Harcourt, Brace. \$2.00), there is the usual dish of disgusting narrative on sex suppression, dissatisfaction with family, the restraints of marriage and everything in general. The satire is absolutely flat and the style artificially jaunty. Altogether it is most unsatisfactory as a novel, uninteresting and depressing.

A detective story, considerably better than the average is offered by Milton H. Gropper and Edna Sherry in a novel called "Is No One Innocent?" (Cosmopolitan. \$1.50). Eight people were in the house when the first victim was shot and killed. Seven confessed to have fired the gun and claimed sole responsibility. The eighth was murdered shortly afterwards in the presence of Inspector Kennedy. The story is well told and can be recommended as good light reading to those who are not yet sated with such stories.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Help for Historical Research

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Thanks to America's all-pervading influence there has been an immediate response to the request made, in the issue of November 1, for a copy of the out-of-print "Memoirs of Bishop Loras, First Bishop of Dubuque, Iowa," which was needed in a work of historical research. Sister M. Annette, O.S.F. of Mt. St. Francis, Dubuque, has supplied the desired volume, and she may rest assured that it will be put to excellent service by the historical student to whom she sends it.

Following the generous Sister, the ever-ready Dr. Peter Guilday, of the Catholic University, who can always be relied upon to come to the rescue when there is a question of American Catholic history involved, also volunteered to give an extra copy he had of the Loras memoir.

Apropos, it may be of special interest to note here the fine work that is being done in various sections of the country by Sisters of a number of Congregations, many of them students in Dr. Guilday's historical courses, who have taken up the study and preservation of our American Catholic historical records. What they have already accomplished, and what they have outlined to do, certainly is in striking contrast to the masculine lethargy prevalent where practical and fruitful activity might be expected.

New York.

T. F. M.

Gentian

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A country road is not a very cheerful place to walk at this time of year. The day is apt to be gray; the trees, except for the evergreens and a few reluctant oaks, are bare; the hills are a dull, lifeless brown. Your spirits cannot help being a bit depressed. You button the top button of your coat and wish that you had worn your heavy one.

Then, as you walk on, swinging the stick that you have picked up for company, suddenly your eye is caught by a tiny bit of loveliness on the low bank beside you. It looks for all the world as if a little snip of Our Lady's robe had drifted down and rested there among the grasses!

You stand and devour it with your eyes for a moment. You reach to pick it for the bud vase at home. But just before your fingers find the slender stem among the withered grasses, you remember that there are other travelers and you step back into the road without it.

As you move along your way again it is of that robe that you are thinking. Musing on that—lovely in itself, but loveliest because of All that it has sheltered—you no longer see the dullness around you. For the remainder of your walk you feel no need of your heavier coat.

My friend, Mrs. Dennis Quinn (I am changing only her name), could not find her winter coat a short time ago. She looked in the closet where it ought to have been, and she looked in all the places where it never had been known to be. She could not find it. The loss would be a very serious matter, of course.

When she had searched her house thoroughly she finished up her housework and set out to do something about the missing coat.

She went straight to the house of a Friend of hers. She greeted Him courteously and lovingly, told Him how much He meant to her, thanked Him for all the kindnesses He had done for her and asked Him not to forget her, ever. Then she went to a part of His house where there stands a statue of a young man, a well-loved member of the Immediate Household. Please, would he help her to find her coat? She left a little silver to be used for the children's Christmas tree and lighted a candle to honor him. Then she bowed herself out of her Friend's house and started home.

A little way along Main Street she met a good neighbor of

hers and stopped for a chat. The neighbor, carrying a suit-box, remarked, "We'll have no more warm weather, I'm thinking, Julia. Isn't it time I called for my winter cloak at Tim Leary's tailor-shop where he had it?"

Then her eyes widened suddenly, for Mrs. Quinn, instead of answering her, raised both her hands in the air and her eyes to Heaven and cried in a voice ringing with joy, "Tim Leary's tailor-shop! Bless your dear, kind heart, Saint Anthony! That's just where I left it a month ago and said I'd call for it!"

When the road is dreary, isn't it heartening to come across a Gentian "colored with Heaven's own blue"?

Greenfield, Mass.

E. A. K.

Foundresses' Causes at Rome

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Although not a subscriber, I am a regular reader of your much appreciated journal AMERICA. May I ask you why our Venerable Mother Foundress' name, Marguerite Bourgeoys, was not included in the list of causes for beatification (see page 92, issue of November 15)? Probably you are not aware that we (Congregation de Notre Dame) have Mission houses—three in New York including Staten Island; Chicago, 2; Kankakee, 3; Bourbonnais, 3; Providence, 3; Waterbury, St. Albans, Lewiston, St. Johnsbury.

No doubt your valued journal has its quota of subscribers in some, if not all, of those above-named missions. I am sure they, as well as the other daughters of Venerable Mother Bourgeoys, would greatly appreciate your kindness if in a forthcoming issue of AMERICA you were to insert the name of our Foundress.

Another whose cause is pending at Rome is that of Venerable Mother d'Youville, Foundress of the Sisters of the General Hospital, commonly called "Gray Nuns" on account of their costume. These have missions in the States, even in far-off Alaska.

Kindly excuse the liberty I take in bringing the matter to your knowledge, but it is only natural that we take pride in our Venerable Mother Marguerite Bourgeoys, whose cause for beatification is very much advanced in Rome.

Montreal.

SISTER ST. JOHN OF THE CENACLE, C.N.D.

A New Catholic Art Group

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A society of prominent Catholic artists and architects, known as the Liturgical Arts Society, for promoting, through discussion and concerted effort, the advancement of religious art, has just been formed. Charles D. Maginnis, of the nationally known firm of Maginnis and Walsh, architects, is President of the organization. Other officers are: Vice-President, Ides van der Gracht; Treasurer, J. Sanford Shanley; Spiritual Director, Rev. John LaFarge, S.J. of the staff of AMERICA. The Society's headquarters are at 74 East Thirty-fourth Street, New York City. A preliminary canvass by L. Bancel LaFarge, architect, of this city, revealed an enthusiastic support of the project in this country and abroad. Amongst the European supporters of the plan are: Dom Andrew McDonald, O.S.B., Bishop of Edinborough; Dom Frederick Wulston Knowles, O.S.B., Abbot of Fort Augustus, Scotland; Don Ildephons Herwegen, O.S.B., Abbot of Maria Laach, Germany; Dame Benedicta Schwarzenberg, O.S.B., Abbess of Sanct Gabriel, Austria; Dom Suitbert Kraemer, O.S.B., Abbey of Beuron, Germany.

Among the patrons are: Very Rev. James A. Walsh, Director of Catholic Foreign Missions; Monsignor Ryan, President, Catholic University, Washington, D. C.; Rev. T. Lawrason Riggs; Rev. Mother Stevens, of Manhattanville College; Michael Williams, Editor of the *Commonweal*; Mr. John G. Agar.

A consulting bureau, available to the clergy and to the professions; lectures, informative articles and publications will be undertaken, with a view to the thorough renovation of religious and liturgical art in the United States, along lines successfully followed by similar organizations in England, France, Germany, Hungary, Belgium and Holland.

Boston.

MAURICE LAVANOUX.